The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* August *will be noticed in the* September *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th September, *in the* October *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

In our next number (September), which closes the first year of the Bookman, we propose to give some account of our plans for the second year. With that number will be presented a plate portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes, which will be accompanied as usual by a critical estimate.

The portraits of Provost Salmon and Professor Dowden in our present issue are from photographs by Mr. W. Lawrence, Dublin.

One of the most beautiful and attractive books of the coming season will be the edition de luxe of 'A Window in Thrums,' which is to be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Mr. W. Hole, R.S.A., is preparing a series of etchings in illustration of the work, the subjects of which have been arranged between himself and Mr. Barrie. The volume will be dedicated to the memory of the late Rev. James Winter.

Mr. Hole is also preparing illustrations for a five-shilling edition of 'The Little Minister,' which will be issued by Messrs. Cassell.

It is likely that Mr. Barrie's novel in *Scribner's Magazine*, which was expected next year, will be postponed a year, and that the subject will not be that originally chosen by him. The published statements that Mr. Barrie is writing a new play for Mr. Toole, and that he desires to enter Parliament, are both inaccurate.

The enormous success of the *Strand Magazine* (which now circulates about 300,000 copies a month) is no doubt largely due to Dr. Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." For the second series the author receives £1,000. We are sorry to hear that Dr. Doyle's health has suffered from the strain of his literary work.

The next volume of the "Great Writers" Series will be on Voltaire, by Mr. F. Espinasse. Mr. Espinasse has never completed his more elaborate life of Voltaire, the first volume of which appeared many years ago, but the results of his long investigation will be found succinctly put in the forthcoming work.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been writing a series of Japanese stories. He proposes also to write a new Mulvaney story, which will be eagerly looked for.

Mr. William Watson has completed his anthology, 'Lyric Lore,' which will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan in their "Golden Treasury" Series. Mr. Watson's selection is not a large one; he has confined himself to pieces of the first rank, and he has done the work entirely without assistance. A volume of essays and criticisms from Mr. Watson's pen will be issued in the autumn by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane.

To *Past and Present, the Magazine of the Brighton Grammar School*, Mr. W. H. Peet has contributed a remarkably interesting series of articles on "Books and Bookmen." Mr. Peet's connection with one of the greatest publishing houses in the world gives importance to his views on the much-disputed questions between (some) authors and (some) publishers. We hope it will be understood that, in quoting Mr. Peet's opinions, we are not necessarily endorsing them. On the question of risks, Mr. Peet's opinion is emphatic:—"Although publishers naturally like those books that pay, they not infrequently run great risks in bringing out books which never pay at all, and others only after many days. People who talk glibly about publishers' profits and authors' lack of gains, would be rather astonished if they were called upon to bear the losses which occur to all publishers of original books. Barely a half of the books published produce a profit at all, and not 10 per cent. result in profit worthy of the name. It is very rarely indeed that the author bears any of the absolute loss incurred, and the case where he does not share in the gain is equally rare. Books have been bought for £25, as was the case with Anstey's 'Vice Versâ,' which would have been cheap at £500, but £1,000 has been given before now for books which would have been dear at a gift."

Profits, in Mr. Peet's opinion, are derived from "the books of utility, the school books and the cookery books, the technical and juvenile books, the production of which costs, perhaps, a few pence, and which sell for 2s. or 3s." They are not derived, he says, from the "more or less ephemeral novels, poems, essays, or sermons."

Yet large profits are made from the works of famous authors. Mr. Peet says:—"No writer of our time, not even Dickens, made more money for himself and his heirs than Macaulay did. The famous story of the £20,000 cheque paid him by his publisher has been often told, and nine times out of ten told incorrectly. Large sum though it was, it was only Lord Macaulay's first instalment of the amount due for the sales of the third and fourth volumes of his History. It probably does not represent anything like a tenth part of the profits he and his heirs have received from the sales of his books. While I am speaking of Macaulay, I may mention one incident, which shows how impossible it is to prognosticate the future of a book. Macaulay himself had so little faith in the success of his 'Lays of Ancient Rome' that he made no arrangement with his publisher about profits, and, in fact, made him a present of the book, on the sole condition that it should be published. Its success was immediate, and it has been for many years a source of great profit. I ought, perhaps, just to mention that Lord Macaulay's publisher did not take advantage of the author's heedless generosity, but gave him back a very liberal proportion of the golden eggs that were annually laid."

The brilliant paper in the *Quarterly Review* on "The Porson of Shakspearian Criticism," *i.e.*, Lewis Theobald, the hero of the first edition of the 'Dunciad,' is attributed to Mr. J. Churton Collins. The following sentences, taken from the opening paragraph, may confirm the impression: "Of the correctness of Pope's portraits of the mere verbal scholar, of the justice of the ridicule and contempt with which he has treated philologists as a class, there can be no question. We know how important it is that such men should understand their proper place, and the mischief which has resulted from their not understanding it, and we read with approval, admiration, and gratitude."

We understand that Mr. Swinburne's last book, the tragedy of 'The Sisters,' was written very quickly, being only on hand a month.

Dr. George Macdonald is staying for the summer at Arth, on the lake of Zug. He has just completed a new novel, to which he has given the title of 'Heather and Snow.' It will be published in the first instance serially in a well-known Scotch weekly newspaper, but will also appear simultaneously in the United States and elsewhere.

Mr. Kipling's 'Barrack Room Ballads' have been amazingly popular. Two editions (five thousand copies each) have been sold, and a third edition is in the press. All the large paper copies have been disposed of. Messrs. Chas. Sheard and Co. have secured the right to publish some six of the 'Ballads' with musical settings. 'Tommy' has been set by Miss Mary Carmichael, and her music seems to us likely to become popular. Mr. F. Cobb has set some five more. 'Tommy' with its musical accompaniment, is dedicated most appropriately to the British Army.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's 'Aunt Anne' (at present running anonymously in *Temple Bar*) will be published at the end of the month in book-form by Messrs. R. Bentley and Son.

The 'Diary of a Penitent,' a novel just published by Messrs. Bentley, is understood to be by Miss Adeline Sergeant.

The Rev. S. J. Stone, the author of 'The Church's One Foundation' and other well-known hymns, is engaged on a religious novel. Mr. Stone long devoted himself with rare self-sacrifice to clerical work in the East End, refusing to be tempted away by offers of preferment. His volume, 'The Knight of Intercession,' gives him a good place among the poets of the day.

To the July number of the *Essex Review* Mr. Edward Durrant contributes a notice of Mr. Valentine Durrant, author of the Cheveley Novels, fuller than that which appeared in our columns. Mr. Durrant was born at Widford on February 14th, 1845 (not at Brighton, as we erroneously stated). When a youth he was apprenticed to Mr. Charles Cheveley, a draper in Chelmsford, and in part first of the Cheveley Novels the title is given "In grateful recollection of the unvarying kindness and sympathy of Charles Cheveley, Esq." (Mr. Cheveley died at Widford Lodge, Chelmsford, a few years ago.)

Durrant's first book was issued in 1866 under his own name, and was entitled 'More Shells from the Ocean.' He next, in 1870, issued a small volume of poems, 'Inez the Queen.'

"Annie Armitt," whose novel, 'In Shallow Waters,' was favourably received, is understood to be Mrs. A. M. Harris.

Miss Woolson, the American novelist, author of 'East Angels,' 'Anne,' etc., is now living quietly at Oxford, where, in spite of that most isolating affliction of deafness from which she suffers severely, she has made many friends. Oxford has before now been the home of popular lady novelists. Mrs. Oliphant and Miss Rhoda Broughton have both been familiar figures there, though at the present time they have both chosen the nearer neighbourhood of London.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton, who has been in England for some little time, has just left for the Continent. He was somewhat surprised the other day to hear that a new serial was appearing in *Atalanta* above his name. On inquiry it proved to be a story which had appeared in the States some time ago.

We understand, by the way, that the syndicate which has purchased *Atalanta* from Messrs. Trischler numbers among its members the Messrs. Coats, of Paisley.

Mr. D. Christie Murray is taking his play, 'Ned's Chum,' to America, and he will probably play in it himself in New York in the early autumn. He is said to have received more than one very tempting offer from American managers.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will publish Mrs. Oliphant's new novel, which is entitled 'The Cuckoo in the Nest.' It has appeared in the *Victorian Magazine*.

The Hon. Mrs. W. H. Chetwynd has completed a new novel entitled 'A Brilliant Woman.' It will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

Miss Ada Cambridge, whose 'Marked Man' and 'Not all in Vain' had a marked success, has just completed a new novel, the MS. of which is at present on its way to England.

Messrs. Longmans and Co. will be the English publishers of Mrs. Deland's forthcoming novel, entitled 'The Story of a Child.' Before its appearance in book-form, however, it will be published as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

We hear that Messrs. Gay and Bird, of King William-street, Strand, have secured the English agency of the *New World*, the new quarterly just lately started by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. of Boston, U.S. America. Among contributors to the second number is Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen announce a new edition of Rabelais, which is sure to be worthy of that firm's rising reputation. M. Anatole de Montaiglan has written an introduction, and the illustrations specially prepared for the edition will give it a double interest. We are enabled to announce another edition, in which the translation will be new, though based on Urquhart and Motteux. It has been executed by Mr. W. K. Smith, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, a member of the Rabelais Club. The translation will be issued in two sumptuous volumes printed by Messrs. R. and R. Clark of Edinburgh. The letters and documents relating to Rabelais' life will be included. In addition the work will contain an introduction by Mr. Smith and copious notes from various sources.

Mr. Isidore di Lara has set some of Lady Lindsay's songs to music; and Mr. Hamish McCunn has just secured the author's permission to set some half a dozen more.

Mr. W. J. Gordon has ready for publication a novel entitled 'Now; a Story of To-Day.' The Religious Tract Society will publish two books from Mr. Gordon's pen almost immediately, and Appleton's have a book by the same author in hand.

The *Arena*, an American magazine, will contain in its September number a somewhat remarkable psychological story by Mr. Coulson Kernahan. It is the narrative of an attempted suicide, and is founded upon facts which came to the writer's knowledge some time ago, and upon which he founded his 'Dead Man's Diary.' The title of the story is 'The Journal of a Would-be Suicide.'

The series of papers 'Novel Notes' which Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is now running through the *Idler* will, when completed, appear in volume form from the Leadenhall Press.

The complete edition of the poems of the late Philip Bourke Marston will be published in America by Miss Roberts, of Boston, who will have it ready for publication in the autumn. In addition to the poems which have already appeared in Marston's volumes, 'Songtide,' 'All-in-All,' 'Wind Voices,' and 'A Last Harvest,' it will contain a collection of verses entitled 'Aftermath,' which have not been published in volume-form, as well as an appendix giving criticism of Marston's work by Robert Browning, Mr. Swinburne, the late Lord Lytton, Mr. Theodore Watts, Dante Rossetti, and his brother, Mr. William Rossetti, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and others. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who is Marston's literary executor, has edited the volume, and supplies a lengthy biographical introduction. Mrs. Moulton, who is now in England, is making arrangements for the publication of an English edition of the work. As some of Marston's most interesting volumes are out of print and very scarce, this collected edition should have a considerable sale.

No praise is too high for the zeal, intelligence, and good taste shown in the new and illustrated edition of Green's 'Short History of the English People,' the first volume of which has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan. The editors, Mrs. Green and Miss Kate Norgate, and the publishers have both done their parts excellently. The illustrations have been chosen in the spirit in which the history was written. They are faithful reproductions of whatever throws light on the contemporary view of the daily life and thought and art of the people. When the edition is completed we hope to notice it much more fully.

Mr. Graham Wallas is hard at work just now on a history of the Chartist movement, and his admirable series of lectures on the English citizen, in which he traces the rise of parish government, and the development of parochial institutions, will also be issued in book-form shortly.

Mr. E. W. Hornung, the author of 'The Bride from the Bush,' was interviewed lately, and gave an interesting account of how he came to write his Australian stories. In answer to the question whether he was an Australian, Mr. Hornung said:

"No, I am a Yorkshireman, and up to seventeen years of age I had never been out of England. I only went to Australia for a year or two. I went Jackerooing, as they term it, gaining colonial experience. The life is so fascinating that it beats itself into your whole being. Take a young English public schoolboy, such as I was, and plant him in the midst of an Australian wilderness. Why, it's a revelation to him; it's an education complete in itself. See him ambling all day, as I described him some time ago in an article I wrote for a London journal, across arid sandy plains, through sombre forests, beneath skies of changeless sapphire; hear him whistling as he goes, and think of the difference between this and the old country he comes from. Yet already he is to the manner born. Last year he was reading Euripides with a crib, whereas now he is reading with his own eyes the language of virgin wilds: 'The strange scribblings of Nature learning how to write.' He is growing rather to like the noiseless boundings of a kangaroo before his startled eyes, and the long, loud music of the locusts. The sublime monotony of the seasons impresses him with a sense of solemn stability and even grandeur; the unvarying scent of the eucalyptus forest has become necessary to his nostrils. He is fast coming to love the land of his adoption."

"There," Mr. Hornung went on, "that is how I came to the writing of my little Australian stories. The love of the land was strong in me, all its mystery, its sadness, its loneliness, its beauty, and its terror. How could I resist such a splendid and all-pervading influence? It is a country of long distances, sandy deserts, mirages, low trees, and scarcity of food and water. All these things sank into my inmost being, and I have never forgotten them."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.—Mr. W. H. Mallock's Romance of the 19th Century, in 1 vol. Revised and considerably altered. Mr. Richard Price, Miss Ruthven and Others, 2 vols. Mr. John Hill, Treason Felony, 2 vols. M. Zola, La Debacle, English translation by E. A. Vizetelly. Mr. Hume Nisbet, Where Art Begins.

MR. HEINEMANN.—Dr. Garner, The Speech of Monkeys. The Social Life of Marie Bashkirtseff.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.—Dr. Werner von Siemens, Scientific Papers and Addresses.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN.—Dr. Alfred Haviland, The Geographical Distribution of Disease in Great Britain. Miss Fletcher, Tour in Hungary. Illustrated by Miss Le Quesne.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.—Beneath Helvellyn's Side, Country Sketches in the Cumberland Lake District.

Irish.

The Rev. George Salmon, D.D., Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, is a man of European reputation. As a mathematician he ranks with Rowan Hamilton, who, as expressions in his biography show, warmly recognised his worth. As a theologian and

Biblical critic he is the delight of orthodox Protestants. His 'Introduction to the New Testament' is the most humorous, the most conservative, and not the least scholarly among respectable books of the kind, and his work on the Roman Catholic controversy is witty and popular.

Professor Edward Dowden, of Dublin, is one of the fairest, most discerning, and most accomplished of living critics.

He is also no mean poet. Mr. Dowden works best on a large canvas, although some of his shorter articles are brilliantly right both in judgment and in expression.

Dublin University Tercentenary is again responsible for the Irish publication of the month, 'The Book of Trinity College, Dublin,' a sumptuous quarto published by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. From the bookman's point of view the most interesting chapters are those on distinguished graduates, with portraits ranging from Archbishop Ussher, writing, very rigid and erect, in his ruff-pillory, down to Charles Lever, lounging quite at his ease with his hands in the pockets of his unpicturesque modern garments, and on the Library, where Dr. Abbott acts up to his motto, "The Books, but especially the Parchments," and lingers *con amore* over the precious manuscripts in his charge—the Book of Durrow, the Book of Dimma, the Book of Armagh, above all the Book of Kells, pronounced by Professor Westwood to be "the most beautiful book in the world," and surmised by Giraldus Cambrensis to be "the work of angelic and not of human skill."

Its illuminations, with their jewel-like colouring, defy all attempts at reproduction in black and white, but there are fine engravings of the curious *cumdachs*, or metal shrines, which used to hold such treasures, and of the *polaires*, or embossed leather satchels, in which the contents of Irish libraries were hung up on the walls. It was anciently believed that upon the demise of any great scholar, every *polaire* in Ireland dropped simultaneously from its peg in telepathic woe.

An old minute-book of the Library contains a singular entry by Jacky Barrett, the eccentric Vice-Provost, subject of unnumbered anecdotes, who was librarian for five-and-twenty years. In it he announces his intention of asking permission from the authorities to lock up a 'Narrative of a Residence in Ireland' (1815), by one Mrs. Anne Plumptre, upon the ground that it is "too silly and ill-mannered" for a public library.

"Hospitably entertained by the good-natured, blundering Irish, and introduced (perhaps for the first time in her life) into good company, she takes care to let the world know it by publishing all the little tea-table talk they had indulged in to amuse her, and many of whom"—Dr. Barrett indignantly disregards grammar—"are probably now blushing at seeing it embodied in a pompous quarto, illustrated with engravings. Travel in savage countries, Mrs. Anne, and publish their conversations if you can, but spare the feelings of those who are accustomed to the rules and decencies of civilised life."

The 'Trinity College Pictorial' (Dublin: A. Thom and Co.) is another Tercentenary souvenir, less elaborate, but profusely and artistically illustrated, and very pleasantly written by Mr. C. H. Oldham. The engravings include a facsimile of a contemporary caricature of Jacky Barrett, as he may have appeared while starting on his one journey, the memorable expedition to Clontarf, two miles away, when he for the first time beheld the sea—"a broad flat superficies, like Euclid's definition of a line, expanding itself into a surface, and blue like Xenophon's plain covered with wormwood"—made the acquaintance of live mutton, was terrified by the portentous appearance of a turkey-cock, and upon being called upon to toast a lady at dinner, gave the College Bell.

Another step towards the establishment of the projected Inter-university magazine was taken in the course of the Tercentenary week, when, at a meeting presided over by Professor Dowden, it was unanimously resolved that Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin should "bear the brunt of the new venture, with the aid of occasional contributions from the other Universities." A provisional prospectus is being drawn up, and a committee formed for the furtherance of the scheme.

The Early English Text Society will shortly bring out Series xliii., containing the earliest English translation of Books I.-III. of the 'De Imitatione Christi,' now first printed from a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, identified a few years ago by Dr. Ingram, disguised under the alias of 'Musica Ecclesiastica,' a title the book occasionally bore. The volume will include the earliest printed translation of the whole work, from a copy in the British Museum, and will be edited by Dr. Ingram, and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trübner and Co.

Journalism. The two halfpenny London morning papers are well under way, and both have been at least as successful as their promoters anticipated. The election has no doubt helped them; but they are well edited, and contain fresh news and bright writing. Each can boast the services of at least one very brilliant journalist.

Among new papers talked of are *Universal Knowledge*, the *Tory* (Liverpool), and the *Scientific Review of Reviews*. The last is an intelligible venture.

Mr. Geo. Newnes' new machinery for printing *Tit-Bits* is really marvellous, and nothing at all like it has before been seen in England. It prints the body of the paper, folds it, cuts it, puts the cover into it, unites the two, and pastes the whole paper all the way through, and finally turns them out ready to sell at the rate of 25,000 per hour. Mr. Newnes has also laid down new machinery to print the *Strand Magazine*. The machines, as in the case of the *Tit-Bits* ones, are American, being an improvement on those on which the *Century* is printed. By this new machinery Mr. Newnes will save on the printing of the *Strand Magazine* alone about £5,000 a year.

Pearson's Society News is the title of the latest venture of the enterprising firm of C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

Continental. An interesting biography of a French man of letters has recently been published by M. Emile Testard, 'The Life and Work of Charles Monselet,' by his son. Monselet was a voluminous contributor to French periodical literature, and at one time acted as dramatic critic to the *Figaro*. Among his best-known works are, 'Monsieur de Cupidon' and 'Les oubliés et les Dedaignés.' In 1872 he produced a very successful play in collaboration with M. Alph. Lemmounier, entitled, 'Les Femmes qui font les scènes.' Monselet at the end of his life bitterly regretted the necessity which had forced him to sell his pen to journalism, believing that his powers had been stunted by the pressure of necessity and want of leisure. His most intimate friends agreed with him, and bore testimony to a genius brighter and loftier than found expression in the works he is generally known by. M. Uzanne, the editor of *L'Art et L'Idée*, an old friend of Monselet, has an appreciative little memoir of him in the last number of that review.

M. Bardoux has added a valuable contribution to the Revolution literature in his 'Jeunesse de Lafayette' (Calmann Lévy). It embraces the years from 1757 to 1792. It is the result of the most industrious research, but it is not of the dry-as-dust order, and will probably be popular. M. Bardoux promises a continuation, and it is to be hoped that Lafayette may not be left for ever young as one of our statesmen of the same epoch has been by a fascinating writer, whom politics have beguiled from the field of history.

M. Brunetière's Conferences at the Odeon on dramatic art in France have taken book shape under the name of 'Les Epoques du Theâtre Français' (1636-1850) (Calmann Lévy). It forms an interesting and complete survey of the drama and its representation from Corneille to Musset.

A book of perhaps more immediate interest to the playgoer of to-day is Lemaître's 'Impressions de Theâtre,' sixth series, (Lecène et Oudin), which contains a series of pictures of the play during 1891. We hear echoes of Lemaître in the "appreciations" of our younger dramatic critics, but what particularly distinguishes his critiques in the eyes of very occasional playgoers is that they are literature, and often a good substitute for the things they treat of.

Round the writer and composer of the *Marseillaise* a mist of legend had already grown. Much of this has now been dispersed by the careful and interesting monograph, 'Rouget de Lisle, son Ouvre, sa Vie,' by Julien Tiersot, just published by Delagrave, which will doubtless henceforward be referred to for all the proved facts about the poet-patriot's somewhat melancholy career.

An interesting discovery of several documents of Racine's has recently been made by M. le Vicomte de Grouchy, a retired diplomatist. Among these documents are the poet's marriage licence, the inventory of his fortune, and a catalogue of his library. Perhaps these papers may determine in which house Racine died, for at this moment two houses in the same street claim the honour. The catalogue of the library at the time of the poet's death shows us that there was not a single copy of his works on his shelves.

A carefully revised edition of the works of François Villon, published by Lemerre, is a fitting adjunct to the biographical researches that have engaged various students for the last twenty years. The editor, M. Auguste Longnon, is, with the exception of M. Byvanck, the greatest authority on the works and life of the famous rascal and poet. From the archives of the High Court, and the study of old Paris topography, many additional facts have been found. There are more to come M. Longnon tells us in a short article in *Romania*. The biographical facts of Villon's life, as they are known by the light of recent researches, are summed up in a popular essay in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July 15th.

A posthumous volume of poems by Théodore de Banville has been issued by Charpentier.

Marshal Macmahon has finished his Memoirs. They are divided into four sections—recollections of (1) The African Campaign, the Crimea, and Italy; (2) the War of 1870-71; (3) the Army at Versailles, and (4) the Presidency of the Republic. The five volumes will not be published till after his death, but four copies have been lithographed.

Some friends and admirers of the German poet Friedrich von Bodenstedt, who died in April last, have formed a committee in Wiesbaden to consider how best the German people can show honour to his memory. A public subscription is now on foot, and seeing that 'Mirza Schaffy' went through more editions than perhaps any other poem in its writer's lifetime, a large sum is likely to be collected.

The most interesting German announcement is that of Sudermann's novel, 'The Marriage of Iolanthe.' Cotta, of Stuttgart, is the publisher. Sudermann is engaged on a new story called 'Es war.'

Two announcements from Italy are of interest to all students of the history of the struggle for Italian independence. A complete edition of the works of Aurelio Saffi, poetical, literary, and legal—for he was a learned jurist—is about to be published. Many old friends of Saffi have given their aid in the matter, and the writings will be fully annotated with biographical and other details from reliable sources. The first volume will cover the years from 1819 to 1848. The second work is a translation of Count Shack's 'Guiseppe Mazzini e l'Unita Italiana,' by Giulio Canestrelli, who has added an index and a complete bibliography of Mazzini, and some hitherto unpublished letters.

The Italian writer, Edmondo de Amicis, is writing a Socialist novel, to be called 'Il primo Maggio' (The First of May). It will be published in the autumn by Fratelli Treves, of Milan.

The Greek review *Hestia* will shortly publish a translation of Mrs. Lynch's story, 'Daughters of Men.' Its success amongst Athenian readers will be a better test of its worth than most of its English critics have been able to subject it to.

American. A recent interviewer of Mr. W. D. Howells asked him how he liked New York, his new home. Mr. Howells answered "that, although he had been connected with the New York publishing-houses for several years, the greater portion of that period had been spent in Boston. He had come to New York now for the second time, and had been here now for six months. He said that he found New York very interesting. He gave one picture or one impression of the town which is thoroughly original. He said that the city, to him, is one of the newest of the border towns. Nearly everything not commercial is in the primitive stage. The life of this centre is turning in various directions. Literature is just beginning to develop new forms. Architecture is undergoing a period of revolution. What has been generally accepted by the town for the last century is discarded, and in every direction the movement is towards something new. The problem of city government is being brought to the attention of the people as a new thing. New York, in Mr. Howells' judgment, was a rich and powerful border town, but with a mighty trend in the direction of improvement."

Among forthcoming Boston books is a third volume of 'The Speeches of Wendell Phillips.' Among the contents is a lecture on O'Connell, with some anecdotes. One refers to Mr. O'Connell's overthrow of the testimony of a witness who swore that he found by a murdered man's body the hat of Mr. O'Connell's client. Taking up the hat in court, Mr. O'Connell, looking inside, spelled out the name J-a-m-e-s. "Did you see this name in the hat?" he inquired of the witness. "Faith I did, when I picked it up," replied that worthy. Instantly Mr. O'Connell turned to the judge. "Your honour," he said, "there is no name in the hat." Another of the anecdotes omitted in the early printed version of the lecture told how Mr. O'Connell turned the tables on the London *Times*. The *Times* had declared that it would never allow the Irish agitator's name to go into its columns, and therefore when he arose to speak in the House of Commons the *Times* reporters threw down their pencils, folded their arms, and leaned back at ease. But at once up rose a friend of the orator, and called the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there were strangers in the Gallery. Instantly the rule of the House prevailed, and out the reporters were hustled. Consequently the *Times* had no report of Parliament the next day. A little later, "Bull Run" Russell called on Mr. O'Connell, and, eating humble pie, said the *Times* would like to report his speech at a certain meeting. With great cordiality Mr. O'Connell agreed to allow the report, invited Mr. Russell to ride with him in his carriage to his place of speaking, had a convenient place allotted to him there, and table and ink brought for his convenience—and then proceeded to deliver an eloquent oration in Irish!

The following amusing estimate of American poets and poetry is translated from a recent number of the *Revue Bleue*:—

The United States of America possesses now but two poets, and they belong as much to France as to America. I refer to Mr. Stuart Merril and Mr. Francis Viele Griffin. Among the living authors who wrote verses, neither Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, notwithstanding his physical resemblance to M. Renan, nor the old Quaker, Jean Feuille-Verte Whittier, notwithstanding his age and the purity of his intentions, nor Mmes. Ella Dietz, Emma Lazarus, Ada Isaacs, and Zadel Gustafson, in spite of the grand number of their poems, not one of them is a real poet. Nor was James Russell Lowell a poet. But on the contrary, Walt Whitman, the magnificent and noble old man who has just died, was every inch a poet.

An American writer confesses "with an agonising sense of shame that the names of these two great poets [Mr. Stuart Merril and Mr. Francis Vielle Griffin] dawned for the first time on his vision; nor is he able to indicate what favoured hamlet, what privileged city, or even what happy state they adorn with their residence, and he justly admires the ingenious manner in which the name of Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier is translated into French.

HE THAT ENDURETH.

Between the lips of night and day
  Rose love that laughed and time the sad;
And these took hands and went their way;
But one was young and one was grey,
  Or ere the one the other had.

Between the lips of time and love
  Rose life that wrought and restful death;
And these the one with the other strove,
As waters with the winds above
  Strive when the wide sky darkeneth.

Between the lips of death and life
  Rose One whose feet with peace were shod;
Alone, till all the sky was rife
With light, and music hushed the strife,
  And lo! the One was one with God.

R. Kemp.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Born August 4th, 1792.

OUR DEBT TO FRANCE.

THE 4th August, 1792, the day on which Shelley was born, may be considered as nearly central in one of the most remarkable periods in English literature. Johnson, the last of his order, died in 1784; Wordsworth was born in 1770; Byron in 1788; Keats in 1795, and Coleridge in 1796. Sharp distinctions between what are called schools of thought are generally one-sided and unsatisfactory. It would be easy for anybody disposed to object to point to passages even in Pope, and certainly in Swift, Sterne, and Johnson, which might be considered sufficient to prove that they were visited by the spirit, essentially one in all ages, which dwelt in their descendants; but still, we may say with as much truth as is possible in any generalisation of the kind that during the years 1770-1796 something new and strange descended upon us. We proceed evenly through the eighteenth century; the style is similar, although it varies in individuals; the thinking is within certain limits, and we are in the same country throughout. We come to the nineteenth century, and, without any warning, we are at the base of a precipitous mountain; we ascend, and we find a different climate, different inhabitants, different skies; we are transported into a region utterly unlike that which we have just traversed. The eighteenth century writing was also fairly in accord with English character. Foreigners exaggerate our peculiarities, but there is no doubt that we are plain and practical, disliking speculation, dreams, and what we call ideas. The House of Commons, which is thoroughly British in this respect, at once condemns any proposition which is the embodiment of a principle, and condemns it on that ground alone. The surest recommendation is compromise. Nevertheless it was England which suddenly produced a poetry more subtly ethereal, more daring in its attempt to embody that which escapes articulation, and more ardent in its confidence in pure, divine abstractions than any other poetry in the world. It would seem as if Providence occasionally loves to pour into a few men all that is wanting around them, making them the very antithesis of circumstance, so that they may be the bearers of the message which is most needed.

There is, however, no such thing as absolute creation even in poetry or philosophy, and for Shelley the antecedent was the Revolution. Let us look round and see what was doing in the world on this 4th August, 1792. There had been heavy rain on the night of the 3rd in England, but on the 4th the weather had cleared, and it was calm and bright all round Field Place, with slight showers. Mr. Pye was poet laureate, the author of "Alfred," an epic poem, and also police magistrate for London. George the Third, it will be remembered, mistakes Southey for Pye in the *Vision of Judgement*—

> "The monarch, mute till then, exclaimed 'What! What!
> Pye come again? No more—no more of that!'"

The king was getting ready to go to Weymouth; the three per cents. were at 92, and footpads and sheep-stealers were being hung as usual. But the hour was at hand, and in fact had already arrived. In Paris the 4th of August was a memorable day. In the National Assembly the motion of M. Charlier demanding the evacuation and sale of religious houses was carried. One of the secretaries to the Assembly read a resolution of the Section Mauconseil declaring Louis XVI. to be no longer king. The secretary also read the address of Section Mauconseil to the citizens of Paris It began:

> "Le devoir le plus saint, la loi la plus chérie
> Est d'oublier la loi pour sauver la patrie."

Later, on the same evening, the grenadiers belonging to the Section Gravilliers appeared at the bar of the Assembly to complain that some of their number had disgraced themselves "pour s'attacher *au pouvoir exécutif* et baiser la main *de sa femme*." Not the king and queen, but "le pouvoir exécutif et sa femme"! The grenadier deputation laid their caps on the table, resigned their appointments, and walked out amidst applause. The spokesman of another deputation appealed to the Assembly to save the honour of the country by deposing Louis, and it was significantly added that if the Assembly declined, Paris would take the duty upon herself. On the 4th of August appeared the manifesto of their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia, declaring their determination "to deliver mankind" from the impiety which had "attacked Heaven itself." In England the excitement was great. The "Friends of the People" were agitating for Parliamentary Reform; a proclamation against seditious meetings and writings had been issued; corporations were sending loyal addresses to the Crown, and the Bishop, Dean and Chapter, Archdeacon and clergy of Worcester had just assured His Majesty that they protested with all their hearts against those "weak or wicked" persons who were endeavouring "to raise groundless jealousies and discontents in the minds of your people, and to disseminate such principles and writings among them as tend to destroy, under pretence of *reforming*, our excellent constitution in Church and State." The arrival of the emigrants added to the fever. They were landing in shoals. A few days after the 4th five hundred came in a batch, including a bishop. They had barely escaped with their lives, and were driven

about by a violent storm before they reached the Sussex coast.

A remarkable day was this 4th August, 1792. The hour, we say, had arrived, and with the hour came the man, for it produced a poet who was to sing the new life of that day more completely and comprehensively than any spirit, movement, or tendency had been sung before.

What is the meaning of the Revolution? Externally it is political, but it is more than that. It is the reference of all institutions to first principles, to man. It means the application of primary standards to the whole of life; but the miracle is not so much the judgment as the re-erection of the Court by which it is pronounced; the re-appearance in flashing splendour of Conscience and Justice. There is still something more. The sudden apparition of these celestial figures produces intoxication. Such is the temper of the time that men and women, even ordinary men and women, are drunk with the beauty and majesty of the new world revealed to them. Heroes like those in the barricade scene in *Les Misérables* become possible and even common, and from the very gutter, from parents like the Thénardiers, can be evolved the almost supernatural purity and devotion of an Éponine. All life at such a season wears a new aspect, the earth again becomes exquisite, heaven infinite, and hence arises a new language and hitherto undiscovered melodies.

It is unnecessary to point out in detail that Shelley stands for the Revolution, even more so than any of his contemporaries. His "Declaration of Rights" might be taken for a decree of the Assembly in 1789. "The rights of man," it says, "are Liberty and an equal participation in the commonage of Nature." In the Laon and Cythna he pointedly refers to France, to the "awakening of an immense nation from their slavery and degradation to a true sense of moral dignity and freedom," and it is in that very Laon and Cythna that he audaciously questions an article of faith more firmly fixed in men's minds than their belief in God. Curiously enough, by the way, he claims for that poem "a liberal and comprehensive morality," and he hopes by it to kindle "within the bosoms of his readers a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice, that faith and hope in something good, which neither violence, nor misrepresentation, nor prejudice can ever totally extinguish among mankind."

Lastly, no poet like Shelley has caught the peculiar exaltation of the Revolution and its peculiar idealism; and in no other poet have they been set to lovelier music. The Promethean choruses of the Spirits of the Mind who bring consolation to the hero are more or less characteristic of the whole body of Shelley's poems. For example—

"I alit
"On a great ship lightning-split;
"And speeded hither on the sigh
"Of one who gave an enemy
"His plank, then plunged aside to die."

"He will watch from dawn to gloom
"The lake-reflected sun illume
"The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
"Nor heed, nor see, what things they be;
"But from these create he can
"Forms more real than living man,
"Nurslings of immortality."

It has been said that Shelley will not live, save in his prose, because he is not substantial. It is precisely the aerial quality which has been urged against him that makes him representative and will preserve him immortal. It is his faith in the supersensuous, or to put it better, his affirmation, which is his power. Englishmen as a race need no corrective more singularly than that which Shelley can supply, and it is well to remember that although France may have been merely the inspired tongue of what was more or less everywhere in men's minds, it was she who first spoke, and our debt to her for our poetry, as well as for so much in addition, is enormous. We were at war with her for nearly twenty years, and all through those years she was silently blessing us with precious gifts, which perhaps in the future we may think to be of more value than all the blood and money we squandered against her.

W. HALE WHITE.

SHELLEY AS POET.

A CRITIC, whom we have nowadays taken to disparaging, made a good while ago some observations upon Shelley, which convey in a few words the character of that poet's peculiar distinction and impressiveness perhaps as well as it can be done. The phrases "author" and "literary man," said Macaulay, were felt to be entirely out of place if applied to Shelley: among all his contemporaries he was pre-eminently the one writer (and even "writer" sounds odd and incongruous as one sets it down) whom the word *bard* seems to designate quite appropriately. Despite a hundred limitations and defects, a poet of whom this can be said must assuredly be very great; for it is clear that the source of such an impression as Shelley produces and Macaulay defines can be nothing less than the quality which we call the accent of inspiration, the air of being rapt from oneself and played upon as an instrument by some external Power, until, in the language of Milton's rhythmic prose, "it rests not with man's will what he shall say, or what conceal." We happen, it is true, to know that Shelley did, as a matter of fact, revise and correct and elaborate in a consciously literary and artistic spirit; witness Trelawney's story (or is it Medwin's?) about seeing the original manuscript of the "Ariel to Miranda" poem, which was simply an impenetrable wilderness of erasure upon erasure and interlineation supplanting interlineation, respecting which Shelley remarked, "Here, you see, is the first rough sketch: to-morrow I shall attempt a finished drawing." But this does not alter the matter: Isaiah and Ezekiel, for aught we know, may have subjected their writings to a like process. The result is what concerns us, and the result, in his case hardly less than in theirs, is just that rarest of attributes, the inspired manner—the tone, the accent, the air of being but a medium of communication, the conducting channel between his hearers and some more elemental influence, which the primitive imagination personified as the Muse.

This is Shelley's grand characteristic; and it is emphasized and intensified by his quite extraordinary—one is half inclined to say unparalleled—freedom from everything like visible and express literary influences. Other poets,

even the greatest, are seen to be units in a long spiritual lineage; we can trace their genealogy; and to the lover of literature few things are more interesting than those ancestral traits which ever and anon flash out—phenomena which

MONUMENT BY H. WEEKES, R.A., IN CHRISTCHURCH MINSTER, HANTS.

the more stupid sort of critic interprets as imitation or plagiarism, but which are as truly a natural inheritance as is some transmitted feature, such as we may see emerging again and again in the portraits of notable families, and

TOMB OF SHELLEY IN THE PROTESTANT BURIAL-GROUND, ROME.

most of all (it is perhaps pertinent to remark) in royal dynasties. There is nothing of this in Shelley: while the other poets are links of a chain—while Tennyson touches hands with Keats, Keats with Spenser, Spenser with the Italians—while Arnold looks back to Wordsworth, Wordsworth to Milton, Milton to all the ancients—Shelley stands sole and separate, his own "be-all and end-all"; for in spite of some superficial resemblances to him on the part of Mr. Swinburne, who is essentially a literary craftsman of the self-conscious order, absolutely ungifted with that involuntariness, that breath as of the wind blowing where it listeth, which is Shelley's peculiar endowment, the poet of "Epipsychidion" is without posterity even as he is without progenitors. He is as solitary as his own Alastor "upon the lone Chorasmian shore"; as solitary as Prometheus in the ice-clefts of Caucasus.

How is he described by himself in "Adonais"? After the allusions to Byron—

> "The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
> Over his living head like heaven is bent,
> An early but enduring monument"—

and to Moore, whom "from her wilds Ierne sent," as "the sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong" (was ever Moore dignified with such lovely euphemisms before or since?), there follow the memorable lines in which, with equal modesty and veracity, he paints his own portrait:

> "Midst others of less note came one frail form,
> A phantom among men, *companionless*
> *As the last cloud of an expiring storm*
> Whose thunder is its knell."

And not only is the spiritual solitude which was his habitation—which makes his poetry so remote from ordinary human concerns, and fills it with

> "The desire of the moth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow—
> The devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow"—

not only was this indicated in that fragment of self-portraiture' it is surely not too fanciful to believe that the lines also betoken a rare power of recognising his own peculiar relation to his age; for he was not of the legitimate race and apostolic succession of our poets, but was the child of a social epoch, a historical movement—he was indeed the "last cloud" of that "expiring storm" which we name the French Revolution.

He proceeds in his self-description thus:

> "he, as I guess,
> Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness."

Again the solitude, the remoteness of this "companionless" singer! For the "Nature" upon which he "gazed" was in a unique sense Nature unmodified by any human contact, unsoftened by any human shadow—naked Nature, seen only in her most stupendous features, without detail, a vague, vast phantasmagory of mountains and cataracts, clouds and sunsets, oceans and storms. His landscape is always generalised, never individualised, and above all never humanised; or rather, it is not landscape, but, in his own words, "Nature's naked loveliness," and still more, her naked terror and sublimity, splendour and gloom. In his more pessimistic moods, to quote his own words in "The Cenci," it is a

> "void, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world"

that he sees—above all, *unpeopled*, except by that abstraction Man, who seems the merest accident in the cosmic scheme, and moves across the dissolving pageant of Nature as shadowy and unprehensible as the phantom of Mercury that floats past Prometheus on his rock.

> "His head was bound with pansies overblown"—

thus he goes on to depict himself; and elsewhere, in one of his lovely lyrics, he sings:

> "Lilies for a bridal bed—
> Roses for a matron's head—
> Violets for a maiden dead—
> Pansies let *my* flowers be."

The floral emblem of thought is no doubt appropriate enough to him, but with what an accurate perception of his own intellectual super-subtlety he adds that touch of self-criticism, "pansies *overblown*"! For his thought almost always has this vice of excess, of rank luxuriance. As a thinker he has no temperance, he does not perceive the value of limits, he rarely knows when to pause. Wordsworth's thought is a slow, deep stream that makes fertile the somewhat unromantic land through which it wanders at its own sweet will. Shelley's is an Alpine torrent that leaps over the verge of a precipice at such an altitude that it spends itself, with vaporous diffusion and gorgeous iridescence, in aerial space.

Let not this be taken as said in disparagement. Shelley's most splendid qualities are precisely such as can only be purchased at the expense of certain homelier ones. His distinction is not depth but height—dizzy, adventurous, azure height; and when we get the soaring of the skylark we can make shift to do without the burrowing of the mole. It is true that he sings in an air too rarefied for ordinary lungs to breathe in; but then, we are not called upon to breathe in it as we listen: it is enough that he can sing there, and that the song is none the less melodious because it flutters down to us from where foot cannot follow. Besides, his voice is apt at times to become attenuated to a somewhat shrill treble, and is best mellowed by distance and atmosphere. Thus it seems to us that he is mispraised for once by his distinguished biographer Mr. Dowden, when that fine critic speaks of a fragment called "The Triumph of Life" as Shelley's "greatest and wisest verse." Wisdom is not especially the gift he has to give us, whilst he has other gifts for us in abundance. It is at most a rather inarticulate sort of wisdom that one expects from skylarks, nor can you learn much about "the human heart by which we live" if you live always on the highest summits of the Himalayas. Fortunately, however, a poet may see dimly and think crudely, yet sing divinely; and song, after all, is not so much either Truth or Wisdom as the rose upon Truth's lips, and the light in Wisdom's eyes.

What Shelley does give, as no other poet can, is a heightened and rapturous sense of the splendour and wonder of existence; and if it be true that "we should count life by heart-beats," he must have crowded an immense sum of quintessential life into his thirty years. We have all asked ourselves the question, Had his genius reached its meridian when he died? Speculation is perhaps idle, but life cannot be lived at such intensity of pitch very long, and one inclines to think that poetic powers due largely to such emotional high-pressure as was apparently Shelley's normal state could not in the nature of things be permanent. In one of his letters from Italy he confesses mournfully that he was already conscious of a numbed sensibility to the glory of the external world: the beauty of the Apennines had begun to find in him a comparatively indifferent spectator. This may, of course, have betokened only a transient atrophy of feeling; but it may have symptomised a premature decay of emotional vitality. It is possible enough that he had in him, on that fatal afternoon when the *Don Juan* weighed anchor for her last trip, the potentialities of nobler literature than he ever gave us: it is just as possible that his premature death spared us a rather melancholy spectacle—the gradual cooling of that white flame of imagination which was quenched in the waters of the Gulf of Lerici.

WILLIAM WATSON.

SHELLEY'S PRELUDES.

IN a letter to T. L. Peacock, Shelley speaks of a theory he once held: "that in everything a man ever wrote, spoke, acted, or imagined is contained, as it were, an allegorical idea of his own future life, as the acorn contains the oak." This theory, here stated in a characteristically comprehensive and uncompromising form, recurs with modifications in his "Defence of Poetry," written a few months later, where he likens a poem to "the first acorn, which contained all oaks potentially"; and it seems to be in a measure borne out by the fruits of at any rate his own poetical life. For there never was an artist whose works, in matter as in manner, were bound closelier each to each with natural piety; a fact which gives a peculiar interest to the study of his earliest verses. Interesting, of course, all such 'prentice work of a master hand must be; but it is generally in a different way, in a way which sets us contrasting rather than comparing, and, moreover, commonly entails upon us the task of winnowing out a large proportion of imitative stuff, as unsatisfactory to the critic as was Tomlinson's malapropos culture to the Janitors of Heaven and Hell. There is little or nothing of this in Shelley at his earliest. His stamp is unmistakably imprinted upon the most immature of his productions. He imitates nobody—neither Pope, nor Bowles, nor the writers in the fashionable periodicals; the Wordsworthian touches, which will occur to everybody, came later on. Even "Queen Mab" is genuinely Shelleyan, though the Fairy does now and then quaintly mingle her tirades of crude atheism with platitudes and moral reflections which might seem to be borrowed from the Sunday-school—delivered, too, in endless blank verses, suggesting Horatio's protest: "You might have rhymed." We may feel certain that these all independently result from the cogitations of Shelley's own mind, still some months under age.

In "Queen Mab," however, we have his one really doubtful and tentative poem. With it, that is to say, he passed from the stage of the "two little dark-green leaves lifting the light mould at their birth," and scarcely permitting an expert to pronounce between weed and flower. Henceforward his invisible growth must have been like that of his magical Zucca, swiftly turning the light and dew by inward power to its own substance, and taking shape:

> "Such as summer melody
> Of the south wind in spicy vales might give
> To some bright cloud, bound from the golden dawn
> To fairy isles of evening."

After "Alastor," the question of flower or seed can hardly be mooted.

This rapid development is clearly proved by the handful of little poems, half a dozen or so, which sum up his extant work between "Queen Mab" and "Alastor," and may be regarded as preluding all the melodious bursts to come. While more than foreshadowing the masterly technical craftmanship of later years, these contain some turns of thought and phrase, reproduced with curious exactness in his latest verse, and some germs, also, of future oaks. It is fortunate, indeed, considering the shortness of Shelley's singing day, that he had not to spend much time in acquiring the technique of his art. How many of his songs must have remained unsung, if he had started, say, "Hours of Idleness"—wise by picking up and bungling over the little ditties that were tinkling around him in all the contemporary drawing-room annuals, "Keepsakes" and "Diadems"? But instead of any such puerilities we have the wild harmonies of those wonderful stanzas dated April, 1814.

> "Away, the moor is dark beneath the moon,
> Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even"—

echoing the very rustle and sweep of the wide-winged blasts ruffling across the twilit heath, and laden with a haunting regret and remorse, uttered as naturally and passionately as a rain-shower flings its spray of drops upon the tossing leaves and wet blossoms of an autumn garden. This perhaps the most notable instance among these few earliest poems, of Shelley's power to create, as he says of Dante, "a language in itself music and persuasion," out of a tongue scarcely more plastic than its Teutonic cognate, over whose intractability Goethe so bitterly repines; and to us, who are properly grateful for Blake's half dozen sane lyrics, or a snatch of broken music wafted across the centuries from Lesbos, it would seem in itself a gift by no means to be despised. But its companion poems—there are seven of them—do not fall far short in melodiousness, and, what is almost more to be marvelled at, though written by a youth, in the second decade of the nineteenth century, they include not a single Person-of-Quality phrase.

One of them, the well-known reproachful sonnet to Wordsworth, nearly as stately and sculpturesque as Ozymandias itself, may be profitably contrasted with Shelley's prose appreciation of the apostate poet's character, as conveyed in a letter to his friend Peacock: "What a pitiful wretch that Wordsworth," he frankly writes, "that such a man should be such a poet! I can compare him to no one but Simonides, that flatterer of the Sicilian Tyrants, and at the same time the most natural and tender of lyric poets." Upon reading this tersely trenchant criticism, it is pleasant to find that we can fulfil our high poetic duty, as enjoined upon us by Mrs. Browning, and hold truest truth the fairest beauty: the verdict of the sonnet juster as well as more euphonious than the unmetrical spirt of spleen. But though it must be owned that their author could not compete with the future Poet Laureate in loyalty to King George and his crown and his dignity, in a matter more intimately connected with their special calling, Shelley might have challenged Wordsworth undismayed. In a purely lyrical contest his exquisite ear for accent and rhythm—as regards rhyme he is less infallible—would have given him an easy victory over the elder poet, who is apt to subside into a false gallop of verses even amid his loftiest soaring. Had Shelley, for instance, written an Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, it might have been terribly hard to understand, but it would never have been disfigured by such an ugly jingle as:

> "The little Actor cons another part,
> Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
> With all the Persons down to palsied Age,
> That Life brings with her in her equipage;
> As if his whole vocation
> Were endless imitation."

Which things make it seem all the clearer that Matthew Arnold, a poet by birth, and a critic by profession, must for

the nonce have "run to seed in soul into a walking paradox," like the third Peter, when not content with deliberately labelling Shelley "a beautiful but ineffectual angel"—a definition which the least deeply-read student of Keats knows to be a contradiction in terms—he pronounced that whatever meed of fame should ultimately accrue to the author of "Prometheus" and "The Cenci," of "The Witch of Atlas" and the "Ode to the West Wind," would rest upon his prose letters.

In the Epistle to Maria Gisborne, which, being in verse, is upon this principle presumably doomed to oblivion, we find another psychological study of Coleridge, supplementing, but not greatly elucidating that contained in the strange early poem addressed to the rapt one of the godlike forehead. Both show the same bewildering conception of a mind and a soul somehow detached from the personality of their possessor, and the most distinct impression that they leave is that the state described must be a forlorn and discomfortable one. Again, in Shelley's very last lyric, Archy's song in the fragment of "Charles the First":

> "A widowed bird sate mourning for her love
> Upon a wintry bough,"

we have a close parallel to one of his earliest:

> "The cold earth slept below,
> Above the cold sky shone,"

proving that he soon found and never lost the art of producing those little vignettes which actually breathe the chilly atmosphere of the landscape they depict.

But of more import than these minor resemblances is the continuity traceable in the whole bent of Shelley's mind—thought, opinions, beliefs, aspirations—throughout all the series of his poems. They include no palinodes, no recantations. From first to last we find him resolved to be "wise and just and free and mild," for weariness of beholding the tyranny of the selfish and the strong; eager to repeal large codes of fraud and woe; pledged to dedicate his powers to the Spirit of Beauty, for the liberation of this enslaved world; and his appeal, "Have I not kept my vow?" cannot on the whole be gainsaid, notwithstanding that there are facts in his career which might point a moral for Mrs. Carlyle's, "My dear, don't marry a genius." And from first to last he was of the company of those who "that which never yet was known would know." His mind was full of obstinate questionings, ot ponderings why the light of our day is so over-gloomed with fear and dream and death, of musings upon the secret things of the grave. This was conjoined with a propensity, which he never outgrew, for dwelling to a morbid degree upon the physical aspects of death, as presented by our modern methods of burial. He was over-fond of churchyard reveries, and of insisting upon graves and all their appurtenances, in describing which he, in common, unhappily, with whole tribes of poets, blasphemes the holy name of sleep. Thus, among his prelusive poems, we have a summer-evening churchyard in Gloucestershire, one of those quiet country places which so took his fancy as to cause him to conjure up the fantastic and fleeting phantom of the Rev. P. B. Shelley. Still, his mole-like burrowings at worst never detained him long from his wistful gazing into the boundless realm of endless change, which was for him quite as real a territory as Middlesex or Lombardy, though the outcome of his speculations may have been nothing more definite than the "modest creed and yet pleasant, if one considers it," formulated in the "Sensitive Plant."

In surveying Shelley's work we are often prone to forget into how brief a space of time, as reckoned by months and years, all his body's and soul's travelling was crowded—"we who are young shall never see so much, or live so long." It needs an effort of the imagination to realise that less than ten years—*grande mortalis ævi spatium* in Shelley's span—separate "Queen Mab" from "Prometheus" and the "Declaration of Rights" from "Hellas." And no doubt this brevity of his career must be held in some measure to favour the maintenance of the unswerving consistency which marked it. The years, it may be urged, that bring the philosophic mind, might probably have brought changes, too, in thought and deed. But that consistency was assuredly, in all its essentials, due to no accidental external circumstances. It sprang from the fact that for him "far-darkling Truth reigned sovereign guide through his brief ageless youth"; that he perceived as clearly as any poet who has ever looked out upon this world how the great tap-root of its misery is a loveless self-seeking, and drew more honestly perhaps than any other poet has dared or cared to do the corollary that it therefore behoved him "to fear himself and love all humankind." Looking upon the events of his life, some people will opine that he would have done wiselier to have transferred some distrust from himself to his neighbours. Yet possibly in that case we should feel less certain than we do, that if Shelley had burned to the socket, the flame of his enthusiasm for humanity would have glowed as ardently as when it was quenched amid the wild waters of Spezia; that had Nature, as might well have happened, kept him alive until this day, and he were even now among us with the centenarian's snow upon his head, his belief touching what "is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory," would have altered no whit since he wrote the last words of Prometheus in the winter sunshine at Florence more than seventy years ago.

Jane Barlow.

THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

Chapter XI.

Carlyle and the French Revolution of 1848—His first appearance in Political Journalism, and contributions to the 'Examiner' and 'Spectator'—He thinks of starting an organ of his own—Carlyle and Young Ireland—Completion of Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe—Goethe on Carlyle and Carlyle on Sir Walter Scott—Goethe on sacred things.

An insurrectionary movement in France had, as previously reported, been predicted by Carlyle in the autumn of 1847. The Revolution of February, 1848, gave him therefore more satisfaction than surprise, though even he had scarcely looked for the "beautiful radiancy," as he called it to me, which the French had displayed in flinging out Louis Philippe. "It will be a long time," Carlyle said

to me, "before another man has such a chance as Louis Philippe had," for, like the rest of the world, he little foresaw the sudden rise of Louis Napoleon. Since the publication of his Cromwell, Carlyle's pen had been lying idle, though his mind was seething with literary projects. Suddenly the French Revolution blazed forth amid what he called "this vile murk of things," and seemed to offer a stirring and pregnant theme, a text for much prophetic utterance. As its results were undeveloped, his new and very un-Burke-like "Reflections on the French Revolution" were less suited for a book than for "articles," and the startling phenomenon in Paris led to Carlyle's first appearance in political journalism. He was encouraged to make the attempt all the more because his intimate friend and warm admirer, John Forster, had become editor of the *Examiner* in succession to Albany Fonblanque, whom the Whigs on their return to power after the repeal of the Corn Laws appointed chief of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade. Carlyle's first essay in journalism was an anonymous contribution to the leading columns of the *Examiner*, a most vivid and vigorous article on "Louis Philippe," whose downfall he greeted with "a stern, almost sacred joy." This and his few other newspaper articles he himself never cared to reprint, so that they are unknown to the great mass of the readers of his works. Moreover there has remained until now quite unnoticed a second article on French affairs, which was written by him for the *Examiner*, which was set up in type, and of which he corrected the proof, yet which was never published in that or any other journal, and lies buried in the multifarious paper-masses left by the late John Forster. The piece is curious as testifying, rather unexpectedly, to Carlyle's impetuous enthusiasm for the second French republic, to celebrate the birth of which it was written. He went the length of declaring that if the Czar with his "Scythians" attempted to crush the nascent republic, it would be the duty of England to fight by the side of France in resistance to Russia! It is little to be wondered at that the prudent Forster withdrew from publication in what had become a Whig organ an article written in this spirit. In the course of years there was formed an Anglo-French alliance against Russia, but it was one which in the altered circumstances was fiercely denounced by Carlyle.

Carlyle's enthusiasm for the second French republic died out as this lapsed into anarchy and bloodshed, and he thoroughly detested the "Saviour of Society," Louis Napoleon, whom he had known in England. With the collapse of his hopes from France, he made Ireland the subject of his few remaining contributions to the newspaper press. Two were published by Forster, one of them a very powerful protest against "The Repeal of the Union," and then Carlyle's connection with the *Examiner* ceased. Like his other articles, they were written in the purest Carlylese, little to the taste of readers of the *Examiner*, whom Fonblanque had fed on nothing stronger than illustrations of contemporary politics drawn from Molière's plays and Fielding's novels. Forster himself told me that, "splendid" as he admitted Carlyle's papers to be, he had received protests against them from subscribers, and doubtless Carlyle's indignant criticisms on ministerial legislation and no-legislation for Ireland had given offence in quarters where Forster was anxious that offence should not be taken. But these were considerations to which Carlyle in his then mood paid no heed. He was nettled at the stop put to his earnest disquisitions by his own familiar friend. He was chagrined to see his passionate denunciations of a futile policy in famine-stricken Ireland and his daringly original suggestions of a new one superseded by the commonplaces of Whiggism. Forster, I heard him say, will write the *Examiner* down. The result was that he cooled considerably towards Forster. But the coolness did not last long, and their friendship was soon as cordial as ever. From Forster and the *Examiner* Carlyle turned to Rintoul and the *Spectator*, busy on the editorial staff of which was Thornton Hunt, the eldest son of his old friend Leigh Hunt, and himself a great admirer of Carlyle. In an article on Ireland, contributed by Carlyle to the *Spectator*, occurs a passage often misquoted. Carlyle is generally represented as saying of the twenty-seven millions of his fellow-subjects that they were "mostly fools." What he did say in the *Spectator* article was that "many of them" were fools—a distinction with a difference. Rintoul failed to tolerate more than two articles of Carlyle's, those in which he propounded his scheme of "Irish regiments of the New Era." The famine-stricken peasantry of Ireland, instead of being fed in eleemosynary fashion out of rates and Parliamentary grants, were to earn their own living through spade-husbandry, organised by the Government, which was to support them until they could be supported by the fruits of their industry. The Irishman, according to Carlyle, had a special talent for spade-husbandry, and was known to be when drilled one of the bravest of soldiers. Digging, said Carlyle, "can be regimented as well as fighting," and so forth. This was enough—too much—for Rintoul. Carlyle was now convinced that he could not find in British journalism as then constituted a pulpit from which to preach to the governing classes. He began to talk of starting an organ of his own, which (following Cobbett) he spoke of as "Twopenny Trash." The project, like several others of his, went no further than talk, and a year and a half passed away before the world was startled by the thunder and lightning of the Latter Day Pamphlets.

Meanwhile, Carlyle's friends and admirers of the Young Ireland party had been arrested, and were being tried for the violence of their inflammatory language. Carlyle, who had all along sorrowfully reprobated their insurrectionary schemes, showed himself full of pitying sympathy with them in the time of their adversity. Of his friendship with the "Irish rebel" of 1848, now "Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G.," that much-experienced veteran has just given the world an interesting memorial in his 'Conversations with Carlyle.' For the most violent of the Young Ireland party, John Mitchel, who had adopted some of Carlyle's heretical notions, those on slavery for instance, Carlyle had a very strong liking. Indeed, his knowledge of and personal commune with these young Irishmen and their friends appears to have opened his eyes to something good in the national character of a people of whose faults alone he had been formerly cognizant. "The English," he was heard to say, "are torpid, and the Scotch are harsh, but the Irish

are affectionate." He told me that once, when taking a walk with Mitchel in London, he asked whether the Young Irelander, who was denouncing and threatening the Saxon, thought that he had much chance in a conflict with a nation to whose strength and resources such a capital as London bore testimony. Mitchel's answer was that he would "try." When Mitchel was receiving a felon's doom in the "still-vexed Bermoothes," he wrote to Carlyle, who in his reply, he informed me, endeavoured to console Mitchel by telling him that "this was still the country of Shakespeare and Milton," a consolation, it seemed to me, which would have been more suitably addressed to a depressed poet than to a banished, imprisoned and exasperated "rebel."

A mild literary phenomenon, presenting a striking contrast to the tumultuous revolutionism of that *annus mirabilis*, claims mention through its connection with Carlyle. In the spring of 1848 Eckermann sent him from Weimar the final instalment of the Conversations with Goethe. A letter accompanied it, Carlyle told me, in which the then recent French Revolution was treated by Eckermann as "ein anderer Beweis der menschlichen Schwacheit" ("another proof of the weakness of man"), Carlyle laughing heartily at the calmly contemptuous way in which Goethe's Boswell spoke of an event of such importance to Europe. Eckermann, he said, was "a beautiful mirror-soul; he doesn't know how clever he is." He was, Carlyle added, "miserably poor," and had once sent him the autograph manuscript of one of Goethe's dramas to be offered for sale to the authorities of the British Museum. Carlyle went with it to the late Sir Frederick Madden, then at the head of the Manuscript department of the Museum, and met with a courteous refusal. In Eckermann's new volume there was a genial letter from Sir Walter Scott to Goethe, giving some account of himself and his family. Lockhart and his devotion to Goethe were mentioned in it, and Goethe expressed to Eckermann his surprise that Sir Walter said nothing of Carlyle, who had done so much to diffuse in Great Britain a knowledge of German literature. It was on this occasion that Goethe spoke to Eckermann of Carlyle as "a moral force of great significance," as "having in him much for the future," and as a man concerning whom "it was difficult to conceive all that he might produce and effect." Carlyle made no remark on this, but laughed a little at Sir Walter's truly Scott-like mention in the letter to Goethe of "my friend Sir John Hope of Pinkie," and spoke in his usual depreciatory tone of "Wattie" as having "turned the history of his country into an opera."

Towards the close of the book, Eckermann reported a remarkable discourse by Goethe on sacred things. It was a discourse, full of serene wisdom, on religion, natural and revealed, on the Protestant Church's relation to it, on the inestimable value, for ethical culture, of the Gospels, on the debt which we owe to Luther and the Reformation, and on the life beyond the grave. At any time the thoughts of a Goethe on such themes as these would have been impressive, but their impressiveness was greatly enhanced by the fact that they were uttered only ten days before the death of the venerable poet-sage. Speaking of the Founder of Christianity, Goethe said, "Ich beuge mich vor Ihm"—"I bow down before him." Carlyle gave me the volume to review, and I observed that he had underlined the *Ich* of the foregoing sentence, and pencilled opposite to it an emphatic note of exclamation, one among the slightest but not the least expressive of his innumerable "Marginalia."

Φ

ALICIA.

CHAPTER II.

AS Cuthbert stood on the steps of Alicia's house and rang the bell, he imagined how she would look and what she would say. Her pretty, irresponsible girlishness would have vanished, she would wear an air of pained dignity, and she would say, "Cuthbert, it was very careless of you to lose the poem that I wrote for you, but it was positively wicked of you to say that you had read it and enjoyed it. I could have forgiven the carelessness, but I cannot forgive a lie. Of course, I found the poem in the hall as soon as you had gone. Our engagement must be at an end." Then he imagined how he would plead with her; he would say that this trifling fib had only been intended to save her feelings, because he could not bear the notion of hurting her, and that he had always intended to own his deception to her one day—after their marriage. These imaginings only occupied the minute before the butler opened the door, and showed Cuthbert into the drawing-room. He waited there a moment, and then Alicia came in.

She looked very white, and there were dark lines under her eyes. She came towards him, without saying anything, and held out both hands to him. He stooped down, but then she pushed him away from her.

"Don't kiss me," she said; "I couldn't bear it. Give me that poem back."

Cuthbert said nothing. He felt quite sure now that she had discovered everything; he noticed that she looked ill and distressed, and told himself that he was the cause of it. But the next thing that she said startled him.

"Oh, Cuthbert, how sad you look! I can see that you know all. Can you ever, ever, ever forgive me! I repented it directly after you had gone, and I didn't sleep all night. No, don't be sorry for me. Don't pet me. I want you to be angry. I want you to humble me. I'm not worthy of you, and you oughtn't to love me. Only do—do, else I shall die," and then Alicia began to sob.

Cuthbert was now completely mystified. For a moment or two he could not think of any single fact, including his own name and address, about which he was quite certain. Then he slowly realised that Alicia had not discovered him at all, and that there was no need to ask her to forgive him. But why on earth was she asking him to forgive her? He groped wildly about all their united past to find a reason, and spoke:

"My dearest Alicia, I have nothing to forgive. I thought your wish to share in my literary work was most natural and pretty. It was not, perhaps, very practical, but it is absurd to ask me to forgive a thing like that. It was not an offence. It was very sweet of you."

"But that's not what I want you to forgive. You know

very well what it is. Don't humiliate me by making me say it. Your letter this morning was so kind, that I hoped you had not found me out; but when I saw you here this afternoon, looking so infinitely depressed and sad, I knew that you knew all about it. Yes, you know! you know! you know!"

"On my word of honour, I do *not* know."

"Don't use the word honour. You are noble and honourable; I'm not. I can't bear to hear the word honour. But I *was* sorry directly after I had done it, and I had made up my mind to tell you all about it, even if it b-b-broke off everything."

Alicia began to sob again.

"Well, tell me all about it now. Why did you want me to forgive you?"

"If you didn't know, why were you looking so awfully sad this afternoon?"

Cuthbert hesitated. "Well, I thought that I should have to be asking you to forgive me."

"But why should *you* want forgiveness?" asked Alicia. "You have got a noble and honoura——"

"Don't, don't!" interrupted Cuthbert, agonised. "I haven't! I've not! Why did *you* want forgiveness, you angel of light?"

"I'm not an angel. I'm a thief and a liar, and I thought I was doing it all for the best. If Ethel hadn't been in the habit of cutting things out and keeping them, it wouldn't ever have happened."

Ethel was Alicia's married sister.

"But what's it all about? What's Ethel got to do with it? Why do you call yourself names? It is I, not you, who have done wrong."

"No, it's me; it's me, I tell you. When Ethel sees anything that she likes in a newspaper or a magazine, she cuts it out and keeps it. She has got a whole boxful of cuttings. I was looking over them, and I saw a poem called 'A Song at Night-time.' She had cut it out of the *London Review*."

"Gracious heaven!" said Cuthbert, softly, to himself.

"Well, I liked it very much, and copied it out. It seemed to me that if I ever made any poetry, I should make it rather like that; so I tried 'A Song at Afternoon,' but it didn't come out right. And then I wanted you to take me more seriously, and not shut me out of your literary work. I thought that we should get ever so much nearer to each other, if you believed that I could write such a poem as 'A Song at Night-time.' It was quite a sudden idea, and I was tempted to give you the poem as mine. Directly after you'd gone I wrote to you to bring the poem back. When you wrote kindly about it, and said that the poem was beautiful, and really had done what I wanted, I was heart-broken. I was going to confess everything to you, but when I saw you this afternoon looking so sad, I thought that you had found me out already, and that broke my heart again, ever so much worse. Do you forgive me?"

"Of course. You wanted to be rather deceitful, and you have found out that you simply can't do it. Your sweet nature won't let you. I trust you all the more."

"Oh, Cuthbert, *how* good you are to me!"

"Don't call me good." Then he, in his turn, made his confession, telling her how he had lost the poem, and had only wanted to spare her feelings by his letter. Alicia turned on him with blazing eyes.

"How could you stoop to such paltry wicked deceit! I'm not a baby, and I won't be treated like a baby. What need was there to tell a lie to spare my feelings. Cuthbert, I had believed you to be really noble, and this was cowardly. Oh, it was unmanly of you!"

Somewhere inside Cuthbert there was a smile, but it did not alter the surface of his face. "Yes," he said, sadly, "humble me. I'm not worthy of you, and you oughtn't to love me, only do—do!"

She wriggled into his arms at once. "Oh, you're awful and I'm awful," she cried. "We must forgive each other. Would it be wrong to laugh about it? Because I—I must," and she did; so also did Cuthbert.

He stayed to dinner as usual, and later in the evening, just as he was going, she expressed a wish that he could have read 'A Song at Night-time.' "It wasn't mine," she said, "but it was really beautiful." To her surprise Cuthbert at once repeated the first verse of it.

"But," cried Alicia, "I thought you had lost it and never read it."

"I never read the copy that you gave me. Only, you see, it was I who wrote it in the *London Review*. I didn't sign it."

"Cuthbert, don't say it. It's too terrible. You must promise me to sign everything in future. See what accidents may happen when you don't!"

"Yes, it's one more argument against anonymous journalism. Now I must really say good-night at once and rush off."

Three-quarters of an hour afterwards, when they had just reached the penultimate kiss, Alicia suddenly looked reflective and judicious. "I've been thinking it all over," she said, "and on the whole I believe that you were, ethically, worse than I was, Cuthbert."

"'Mm," said Cuthbert. "Dear brown hair!"

BARRY PAIN.

WILLIAM CORY.

WILLIAM CORY, or to give him the earlier name by which he is better known, William Johnson, was born nearly seventy years ago of an old Devonshire stock. From his father, formerly in the Navy, he inherited a fervid patriotism, which held England to be the noblest and most generous of nursing mothers.

He was educated as a King's scholar at Eton, and went on in due course to King's College, Cambridge. At that time Kingsmen were debarred by statute from entering for the Tripos examinations. William Johnson, probably the best man of his year, was awarded the Chancellor's medal for an English poem in 1843, the Camden medal for a Latin hexameter poem and the Craven Scholarship in 1844, became Fellow of King's, and shortly afterwards went back to Eton as a master. Though pre-eminent as a scholar and composer in Greek and Latin, he was also an accurate and philosophical student in History and Moral Science. Indeed, he was examiner at Cambridge for the Moral Science Tripos in 1852 and 1853, and was offered, we believe pri-

vately, the professorship of Modern History in 1860, on the death of Sir James Stephen.

To the general public he is best known as the author of 'Ionica,' a volume of verse published in 1891. Most of the poems, however, contained in this volume, together with others omitted in publication, had already been printed in 1858 and 1877, in two slender volumes under the same title, and had for some years been fetching a considerable price at book sales. The second of these volumes is additionally curious from the fact that it contains few capital letters and no stops, spaces being substituted. Of the additional poems, the imitations of Horace had seen the light in magazines. The poems are characterised by a culture and a refinement that require, as it were, an initiation to understand. The book, being what it is, could hardly hope to appeal to a wide circle. Some selections from 'Ionica' appear in Ward's 'English Poets.' Still, his poetry was to him as a *πάρεργον*, as to Heine, a sacred plaything. He never dignified it into a vocation.

William Cory was the author in more recent years of a book in two volumes, entitled 'A Guide to Modern History.' The book is brilliant but eccentric. Many pages are mere strings of epigrammatic allusions; it is the kind of work that is impressive in quotations, but disappoints further reference. Besides this, he contributed an essay to a remarkable volume entitled 'Essays on a Liberal Education,' which contains essays by Professor Henry Sidgwick, Professor Seeley, Archdeacon Farrar, and others; this is by far the most captivating and characteristic expression of William Johnson's genius; it deals with the education of the reasoning faculties, but for its insight, poetry, and suggestiveness might be read with pleasure by readers totally without technical interest in the subject.

He contributed a few pages—the character of Dr. Hawtrey—to Mr. Maxwell Lyte's 'History of Eton College,' a passage that deserves a place in any anthology of English prose for its insight and pathos, its masterly delineation of a complex character.

But it was as a teacher and a talker that William Johnson most impressed himself on his generation; there are many among a very distinguished roll of pupils, containing such names as Lord Rosebery, Lord Halifax, Mr. Edward Lyttelton, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, and Mr. Julian Sturgis, who attribute the first quickening not only of intellectual life, but of serious enthusiasm, to him. Yet William Johnson can hardly be described as a successful general teacher; in the first place he was not a good disciplinarian, though, on the whole, dreaded by the boys for his powers of penetrating irony. It was with a division of from fifty to sixty boys, in a small and dingy room, that a teacher, whose every third sentence was an epigram, whose lectures, had they been delivered to a University audience, would have attracted professed students and curious listeners alike, spent deliberately and with enthusiasm the best hours of the best years of his life.

Here, standing astride on his crooked yet sturdy legs, a book held up close to his eye, he would comment, lecture, question, to the perpetual delight and encouragement of the few who were wise enough to feel what a teacher they had, and sensible enough to secure seats close to him; of what was going on in further corners of the room, as long as the boys kept their peace, he was almost totally ignorant, occasionally flinging a book, the nearest volume at hand, if a boy was either flagrantly unoccupied or suspiciously absorbed.

His short sight was almost phenomenal. The legend of his pursuing a black hen some way down Eton High-street, one day when a high wind was blowing, under the impression that it was his hat, which all the time was perched securely on his head, is probably apocryphal, but certainly characteristic.

He would watch the school cricket matches through spectacles and eye-glasses (the spectacles themselves so strong that no one else could stand them), with the added aid of a binocular glass. For the games themselves, though no athlete, he was an enthusiast, connected as they are so closely with the spirit and honour of the school. "I cheer the games I cannot play," he wrote in 'Ionica'; and again after a defeat in a gallantly-contested match at Lord's, in an exquisite little poem, never published, but well known to his contemporaries, he wrote—

> "I'd rather have the lads that lost,
> So they be lads like ours."

How to be patriotic without being insular, how to be political without being local, was a constant pre-occupation. He was fond of quoting the law of Solon, which punished with confiscation of property those who in a political sedition could be proved to have taken neither side. He grasped the paradoxical principle that human nature must be educated into sympathy by antipathy, that party spirit is the only guarantee for public spirit; and it was this feeling that gave him his intense interest in and accurate knowledge of all English engagements by land and sea. Once, it is related, an old soldier found his way into William Johnson's pupil-room, which opened on to the road, and began a whining tale about the battle of Balaclava. "What regiment?" said Johnson. "The 11th hussars." "What were you doing at 10.30 on the morning of the 25th —?" The man thought for a moment and then made a statement. "Right," said Johnson, and handed him half a sovereign. The counterpart of the story is that another tramp with a similar tale ventured on the same experiment; the same catechism ensued; the impostor faltered; he was promptly ejected, with a sharp physical reminder to tell the truth. Again, it is told of him that he went to Plymouth to visit a friend in a man-of-war. The sailors who were rowing the gig looked with good-humoured contempt at the little landsman, wrapped in a cloak, peering through his glasses at the great hulks swinging on the tide; but their feelings rapidly gave way to respect, and respect to amazement, when it transpired that the stranger not only knew the position in which every one of the aforesaid hulks lay, but the engagements they had seen, and the names of their commanders. His pupils will not forget the face with which he would look out into the street, when the "stately music of the Guards" was going past: "Brats, the British Army!" he would say. But he was no mere Jingo sentimentalist. It was as certain that Cory would take an original view of any question as it was that ninety-nine out of a hundred people would take the commonplace view. And yet he was saved from being paradoxical by his extraordinary accuracy. Never was any one so indomitable

in an argument. He had the facts at his fingers' ends, and withal all the down-rightness and the humour of his great namesake; but he had not often to use the butt-end of the pistol, because the pistol seldom missed fire.

In 1871 he left Eton, changing his name to Cory on his accession to some small property, and lived for awhile in Devonshire, at his brother's estate of Halsdon, where he also married; his wife and only son survive him. We may say in passing that his brother also changed his name on succeeding to this property, from Johnson to Furse, and is the well-known Canon of Westminster. For some years he lived in Madeira, but latterly at Hampstead, in great seclusion. His letters have all this time been treasured by his friends. In these he gave himself profusely and intently, but with delicate adaptation to his correspondent. They would form probably the best memorial of a man of whom his pupils and contemporaries say that they cannot exaggerate the greatness of his ability, his genius, and his loyalty. And yet he has hardly left a name.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between June 15th and July 15th, 1892:—

London, West Central.

1. The Wrecker, by R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Cassell.)
2. England under the Coalition, by Clayden. 10s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
3. Essays on Controverted Questions, by Huxley. 14s. (Macmillan.)
4. A Sinner's Comedy, by John O. Hobbs. 3s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
5. Life of Keene, by G. S. Layard. 24s. (Low.)
6. The Witch of Prague, by F. M. Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)

London, East Central.

1. Chambers' Encyclopædia. Vol. 9. 15s. (Chambers.)
2. Dods' St. John. Vol. 2. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
3. Pulpit Commentary, Ezekiel. Vol. 2. 12. 6d. (K. Paul.)
4. Robertson's Early Religion. 10s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
5. Austen Novels. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
6. Stevenson's Wrecker. 6s. (Cassell.)

Manchester.

1. Strand Magazine, Vol. 3.
2. Black's Novels. 2s. 6d.
3. Hore's Tanganyika.
4. H. Ward's David Grieve.
5. Robertson Smith's Old Testament in the Jewish Church.
6. Farrar's Theological Works.

Edinburgh.

1. The Wrecker, by R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. 6s. (Cassell & Co.)
2. Res Judicatae, by Augustine Birrell, M.P. 5s. (Elliot Stock.)
3. Aids to the Devout Study of Criticism, by T. K. Cheyne, D.D. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)
4. The Naulahka, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. 6s. (Wm. Heinemann.)
5. The Gospel of St. John, Vol. 2. by Marcus Dods, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
6. Questions of Faith and Duty, by Anthony W. Thorold, D.D. 5s. (Isbister & Co.)

Glasgow.

1. Dr. Dods on St. John's Gospel. Vol. 2. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Maclaren's Bible Class Expositions. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. The late John Dickie of Irvine. Words of Faith, Hope, and Love. A Series of Letters. 3s. 6d. (Partridge.)
4. Dr. Davidson on Ezekiel. 5s. (Cambridge Press.)
5. David Grieve. Mrs. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
6. A Bachelor in Search of a Wife, by Annie S. Swan. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
7. The Homes and Haunts of Alfred Lord Tennyson, by George G. Napier, M.A. (Maclehose & Sons.)

Our correspondent says:—Tennyson's 'Homes and Haunts' is now out of print. Only 300 were printed. I understand all the copies were subscribed for before it was published six weeks ago, and that each copy cost the author about double the published price, which was one guinea. I want *three* guineas for my *last* copy.

Bradford.

1. The Claims of Decorative Art. Crane. 7s. 6d. net. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
2. The Elector's Picture Book. 1s. (*Pall Mall Gazette* Office.)
3. The Wrecker. R. L. Stevenson and L. Osbourne. 6s. (Cassell & Co.)
4. Evolution of Christianity. Abbott. 4s. (J. Clarke & Co.)
5. Douglas's Pocket Editions of American Authors. 1s.
6. Bible Class Expositions. Maclaren. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Aberdeen.

1. The Wrecker, by R. L. Stevenson and L. Osbourne. 6s.
2. A Bachelor in Search of a Wife, by Annie S. Swan. 1s. and 1s. 6d.
3. Martin Chuzzlewit. Macmillan's 3s. 6d. edition.
4. The Scapegoat, by Hall Caine. 3s. 6d.
5. Three Men in a Boat. Jerome. 3s. 6d.
6. William Black's Novels. Reissue. 2s. 6d. each.

Our correspondent says:—I may mention that the sale of books during last month has been limited, chiefly because the General Election has hurt trade, and few good books have been published. But for books of real merit, such as 'The Wrecker' and 'A Window in Thrums'—the latter still sells largely—the demand is always in excess of the supply.

Burnley.

1. Fry's London, 1892, 2s., and other Guide Books.
2. The Eight Hours Day, by Webb. 1s. (W. Scott.)
3. Fabian Society Essays. 1s. (Walter Scott.)
4. A Study in Scarlet, by Conan Doyle. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)
5. Strand Magazine, Vol. 3. 6s. (Newnes.)
6. Reminiscences of J. L. Toole. 2s. (Routledge.)
7. Nansen's The First Crossing of Greenland. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)
8. Hole's Little Tour in Ireland. 10s. 6d. (Arnold.)

Good literature at a great discount at present; fair amount of political literature selling.

NEW BOOKS.

THE WRECKER.*

The somewhat clumsy construction of this story is not of a piece with Mr. Stevenson's other work. The Prologue is an episode in a Pacific port—arrival of a ship, landing of the skipper, dinner-party and gossip at the club. Somehow I gathered that this captain was to turn out a repulsive ruffian, which was quite wrong. He consents to tell his story, but curiously the author proceeds to give it "not as he then told it, but as he subsequently wrote it." The story begins, and the Prologue and its characters totally disappear, leaving us in wonder why they were ever introduced. The skeleton is this. A cast-off scion of our aristocracy named Carthew starts with five strangely assorted comrades from Sydney on a trading cruise among the islands on board a rotten little craft. This is lost, and they take refuge on an atoll. At last a brig, the *Flying Scud* (Captain Trent), rescues them, but the captain trying to cheat them of their

* 'The Wrecker.' By R. L. Stevenson and L. Osbourne.

gold, a row ensues, and they murder Trent and his whole crew. In trying to work the ship out they run her aground, and before they have had time to efface the signs of the murders a man-of-war appears; they assume the identity of the dead crew, and under their names are rescued, and landed at San Francisco. They make their report, the wreck is put up for auction, and then they disappear. All this is excellent, and excellently told, but alas, how shortly—three chapters only, and those at the very end of the book! Well, on landing Carthew hears that he has come into his estates, and to prevent awkward discoveries, gets an agent to run up the price of the wreck to a fabulous sum. It is, however, secured by the hero, Dodd, and his partner Jim, who stake their all on the venture, naturally suspecting a hidden treasure of opium or gold. Dodd starts for the wreck in a strange state of detective exaltation. Here we are teased by a good deal of the usual Gaboriau business, the discovery of new clues, the fitting in of missing links, the reiterated pronouncements of the actors that they can make nothing out of it. True, the secret is well kept, because as yet we have not had a word about Carthew and his ship, though of course we smell blood from the first, but it is all the more worrying for that. In Gaboriau one always guesses about the second chapter what he is after, and then the clues are quite easy to remember, and one takes a sort of sardonic pleasure in the bungling and sapient wonderment of the poor dear detectives. To properly grasp 'The Wrecker' you must read it over again, for a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. The clues turn out all right in the end, when the problem is solved and x=one Mr. Carthew and a totally distinct and separate story; till then it is just algebra. Well, this replica of 'Treasure Island' ends tamely enough; the *Flying Scud* is disembowelled and sunk, but nothing of value beyond clues is found, and Dodd returns to his partner and ruin. Having thus wound up the second part of the story, the authors then set about the beginning. How do they piece the head on to the tail? Very simply. Dodd comes into money. He is haunted by the mystery; he feels a strange (a very strange) yearning for the unknown Englishman who is somehow mixed up in it; he knows a blackmailer is on the trail; he will take a holiday by following the clues to England, and warn the victim. He tracks him to Paris, hears his story, and they swear eternal friendship. But unluckily we now feel less inclined to embark on a second (or shall we boldly say a third?) cruise to the same Treasure Island, through the same seas, and with comrades not wholly differing from our former crew. It is a beautiful voyage, most exciting, most tragical; it is the very cream of the book, but—it is only an appendix. The last chapter, which is called an Epilogue, is singularly ill-advised. It assumes the form of a letter to Mr. W. H. Low, whose name is to my ignorance a name only. Mr. Stevenson not unfrequently takes a cruel delight in destroying our illusions and throwing cold water on the dying embers of the fire round which he has allowed us to sit. Here he begins by relating how the other day he came across his friend Dodd, who of course proceeds to wind up the story by giving the last news of the various characters. But why this sudden intrusion of the author in the Epilogue? In the Prologue Dodd's story was told to a merchant named Havens. What is the object of this confused and confusing setting? Mr. Stevenson then in his airy, coaxing way throws the whole fiction aside, and professes to reveal the genesis of the story—how he and his colleague resolved to work up some incident they heard into a popular cart-before-the-horse detective novel, how keenly they appreciated the inherent defects of such a plan—the defects which I have just been illustrating—and how they hoped to disguise or palliate them by sundry devices. But Mr. Stevenson does not beguile me so easily. He is no acquaintance of yesterday. I have learnt to catch the light shadows of feeling which flit across his sunny pages better than he thinks. This is no Epilogue—it is an Apology. But of all acts an apology is about the most graceful and the most righteous, though fools do not think so. If Mr. Stevenson were not a little wearied, nay disgusted, with his excursion into the realms of mechanical detectivism, he would be no longer to my mind the author of 'Prince Otto.' Once he has relieved our anxiety by hinting his contempt for the whole business, he resumes his reign over us. After all, he has but done well what inferior hands can do much better. But he should not have tried. I would not for the world pit myself against a morning governess at Compound Division or Mangnall's Questions.

But to end thus churlishly I, too, should be but a wrecker and of the graceless literary breed. For though Mr. Stevenson's last ship steers an unsteady course, she carries a goodly freight. There are dramatic scenes in this book which he has never yet surpassed, and characters which stand out among his best. These and other fine things let the delighted reader find out for himself. Two points only may be noticed. From an advertisement I gather that Mr. Lang is most impressed with the character of the Captain. Which captain? There are several. If he means Nares I cannot agree with him. I do not believe in the virtues of wicked men, least of all in those of the Far-Western card-sharping cut-throat; nay, why shrink from the degrading confession? I believe there is more virtue in one Bethesda of sleek Anabaptist chandlers and their snoring spouses than in all the gambling hells of the Golden Gates. We meet too many ruffians in 'The Wrecker,' but one highly elaborated, though somewhat neutral character it does present, that of Dodd, the artist nature dragged into the vortex of coarse reality.

The other point is the grave and subtle satire on American institutions which underlies the fun of the earlier chapters. The Commercial Academy may be an exaggeration, but it is an instructive parable. Possibly here Mr. Stevenson is indebted to others for the incidents and local colour, but the style is clearly his own, and reveals yet a new phase of his genius.

Y. Y.

THE RAUZAT-US-SAFA.*

The editor informs us that the present work is published under the auspices, though not at the cost, of the Asiatic Society. The translator, a distinguished Mohammedan scholar, died in the end of last year at Bombay. Being an Oriental, his version of the Persian may be assumed to be accurate, though his English is rather stilted. His transliteration of Arabic words leaves something to be desired, and when he states that *safa* is a plural he need not be believed.

The work of Mirkhond, who died in 1498, is very extensive. The two volumes here published bring his history down to the era of Mohammed. The part about to follow will embrace a life of the Prophet, after Ibn Hisham, a translation of whose work by Weil exists in German, though no English version has yet appeared. After the translator's preface, which tells us the history of Mirkhond and his works, comes that author's own preface, which is very wise and edifying, and shows just appreciation of the perils and wants of the literary man. "Whoever composes anything desires to become a target." "Any one engaged in literary occupations must enjoy tranquility of body and mind, comfortable circumstances, and have no cares." The requisites of a good historian are many. One is that "he state both sides of his subject," though it is allowable to "hint" at defects and bad qualities "enigmatically and covertly," on the principle, a word to the wise.

The greater part of these volumes runs parallel to the Bible history. Many Bible stories, such as that of Joseph, are given in the Koran, with no great difference except that Mohammed has left the marks of his dirty fingers upon them. Subsequent writers enlarged these accounts, such as the author of the Kamil and Abulfida; the present work is fuller and adds many curious facts to those contained in our Bible. The author is always devout, and, though a Persian, orthodox; his information may therefore be relied on, and forms a welcome supplement to what Hebrew writers tell us. We learn from it that Adam was beardless till the day of his death, though Seth had a fine moustache. Enoch, besides being a prophet, introduced the art of tailoring. Abraham had grey eyes, while those of Isaac were black, and his blessed countenance inclined to a green colour. The

* 'The Rauzat-us-Safa, or Garden of Purity; histories of Kings, Prophets, and Khalifs.' By Muhammad bin Khavendshah, commonly called Mirkhond. Translated from the Persian by E. Rehatsek, and edited by F. F. Arbuthnot. 2 vols. (Oriental Translation Fund, New Series.)

section on Joseph runs to nearly a hundred pages, and contains much lofty morality. Severe theologians will find their doctrine of depravity amply confirmed by this impartial writer, who shows that women at least are utterly indisposed to all good and wholly inclined to all evil. The story of the queen of Sheba and Solomon is very prettily told, though the king can hardly be acquitted of a want of delicacy, but wise men are proverbially awkward. The queen's mother was a Jinniyeh, and stories went about that there was something funny about her legs and feet. When she visited the king, he contrived that she should think she had to cross some water in order to reach him on his throne. Lifting her dress to go over, she showed a pair of feet, the most beautiful indeed that ever belonged to a human creature, but covered with a coat of hair. To the credit of the king be it said, he was ashamed of himself and turned his head the other way. The work is full of these picturesque narratives. Space allows of only one more. In some countries the Devil is considered a humorous person. It is probable that in his saying in Job, Skin for skin, he has a lurking humour, though commentators complain of his want of lucidity. In the present work his humour is broad and hilarious. It is known that Adam when created was laid on the ground forty years to "exsiccate," as the translator says. Going about one day, Satan saw the recumbent figure and hit him over the stomach, which resounded like a drum, on which he exclaimed, "This individual is hollow, his architecture is not substantial, he will be liable to get the colic." How sadly true the prophecy!

Short-sighted persons will ask, what is the good of translating a book like this? Surely it is good to know how our fellow-men think, especially on so important a subject as religion. Those whose horizon is wider will see, we believe, a special providence in the translation. No problem is so much engaging earnest minds at present as that of the religious teaching of our youth. It is felt that a new departure must be taken; something lighter than the old Book and the old methods is wanted for this age. Has the *Rauzat-us-Safa* been brought under the attention of these reformers? If we are not mistaken they will find there just what they seek. Its quaintly human and realistic narratives could not fail to be attractive to youth, and even to congregations. The book is one which every teacher of youth and clergyman should always have at his elbow.

D.

GRANITE DUST.*

We intend no disrespect to the little volume before us when we say that, at a first reading, we are most struck by its negative merits. The fifty poems of which it is composed are all short; their subjects are, in many cases, of a fleeting and intangible character, whilst the poems themselves are often faintly traced, as though by the hand of immaturity. Against this, the book is wholly free, whether from conscious imitation or from those obtrusive echoes which are so apt to importune us when reading first books of verse. The author is evidently the possessor of that rare thing—a style of his own, though as yet he can scarcely be said to have acquired perfect freedom in the use of it. Again, in reading the works of young poets not wholly without promise, how often it happens that we are struck by a disparity between the thing said and the way of saying it. Thus there are poets who have little or nothing to say, but who say that nothing in smooth and polished numbers. And there are others, who, having something worth hearing to tell us, will yet tell it so harshly and crudely that our ears are racked. It is an excellent trait in Mr. Macfie that in him this disaccord does not exist. The spirit and the art of poetry are nicely balanced in his work; he has something to say, and he can say it—nay, better, sing it, and very sweetly, too, at times. Yet another negative merit. Mr. Macfie's originality is, perhaps, best shown by the fact that he has failed to catch the tone of gloom prevailing in the poetry of the day. He is no pessimist. His view of life, in so far as can here be judged, seems to us calm, hopeful, manly, reverent, and contented. He would appear, indeed, to be capable of "enjoying life wisely." Surely, then, in an age when the "Melancholy Muses" seem but too likely to carry all before them, we shall be consulting our own interest by doing what in us may lie to foster Mr. Macfie's—as yet small and tender, but already gracious and healthful—growth of song! To pass to matters of detail. There are plenty of phrases, lines, and verses of great sweetness in this volume. The author evidently has a preference—possibly somewhat too liberally indulged—for the impressive and pathetic cadence of the quatrain with shortened final line. Yet his ear does occasionally play him false; as, for instance, in the first line of the sonnet on p. 22, and in the twelfth line of that on p. 26; or when he rhymes "demesne" and "unseen," or accents the last syllable of "astonied," or takes fresh liberties with the sonnet-form. Young poets are accustomed to tell us that their metrical licences are experiments, but somehow such experiments, almost always either too timid or too bold, are seldom, if ever, so successful as to win acceptance.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

* 'Granite Dust:' Fifty Poems. By Ronald Campbell Macfie. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.)

A COMPANION TO THE ILIAD.*

Anything written about Homer by Mr. Leaf is sure to be first-rate, but the present book has a special interest. "It is designed for students who can read Homer in a translation only," and consists of an Introduction and of Notes, which refer, not to the Greek text of the Iliad, but to the well-known translation of which Mr. Leaf is a joint author, and to which this book is intended to serve as a "Companion," all "purely linguistic and grammatical notes" being, therefore, necessarily excluded. The attempt thus to annotate a translation is, as the editor states, "an experiment, and in some respects a novel experiment," which is defended by him on the following grounds.

His attention has, it seems, been arrested by the "serious attack led by some of the ablest men engaged in teaching," which has lately been made on the study of the Greek language, and he considers that possibly "it may be repeated at no distant date with overwhelming forces." He holds, however, that "the union" of Greek literature "with our modern thought is indissoluble," and that "the more mankind studies its own past, the more it will see that a knowledge of Greek life and thought is imperatively needed." Further, although in any prose translation of a poet much of the charm of the original must disappear, still there remains at any rate some part of its "poetic spirit, and the whole of its historic value," and "in these elements we have the base of an education hardly inferior, if inferior at all, to that founded on the study of language." The classics, "if taught with their interest as an essential part of the history of the human mind for a broad base and translation as a means of bringing them before a great public . . . can never lose their privilege of intellectual rank."

The attack on Greek at Cambridge, to which reference is made, was certainly led by "some" able men, but, as the vast majority of able men were on the other side, it was repulsed in a manner which astonished its leaders and renders Mr. Leaf's fears at least premature. It is impossible also not to demur to his opinion that studying the classics in translations can reasonably be compared as an instrument of education with our present method of studying them in the original. The substance of thought and the form in which it finds expression afford the only materials of mental training, and the superiority of classical training lies exactly in the fact that the classical writers not only contain *matter*, a knowledge of which is indispensable, but have also expressed it in a *manner*, which after ages may rival but which they cannot surpass. The student may read Plato or Lucretius in a translation, but he loses one half of that necessary mental training which classical study supplies almost in its entirety.

To those, however, for whom the original must be a sealed book Mr. Leaf's work is invaluable. There is nothing in it which is not excellent. The notes are fascinating, and one goes on reading them page after page with hardly any sense that one is reading merely disconnected notes, so bright and full of interesting information are they. There is nothing ancient or modern, which can throw light upon the Iliad,

* 'A Companion to the Iliad.' By Walter Leaf, Litt.D. (Macmillan and Co.) Preface pp. i.-xii., Introduction 1-49, Notes 50-405. Price 7s. 6d. 1892.

with which the editor does not seem to be acquainted, and he writes with that ease, firmness, and lucidity which only sure mastery of a subject can bestow. In many commentaries the notes seem designed to illustrate the writer's erudition: Mr. Leaf's illuminate the reader's mind. Two brief examples must suffice. Take first the note on 2. 563:

"'Rumour, messenger of Zeus'—evidently a personification of the wave of popular report, which often spreads among a people with a rapidity which seems almost superhuman. *The speed, for instance, with which news flashes through the bazaars of India has often been remarked as something inexplicable*, and it is easy to see how such rapidity leads to calling rumour a messenger of heaven."

Again take 2.484: "The Catalogue of the Ships—this important relic of early geography, *the Domesday book of prehistoric Greece. . . .*" The words italicised convey in the shortest and clearest manner the exact illustration which is needed to make the text lucid and living to any reader of intelligence. There is not a page on which similar instances do not occur.

The Introduction deals with the "Homeric question," the decision of which is justly stated to depend on "the broad grounds of the construction and motives of the poem, and not on any merely linguistic considerations," so that a knowledge of Greek is not essential to its consideration. Mr. Leaf's view is that the Iliad gradually grew into its present shape, and is the composition of a courtly school of poets "living in Greece proper among the princes of Achaia." He states his case with conciseness, clearness, and force, and it is not too much to say that these few pages form one of those rare pieces of criticism, which seem almost like a mathematical proposition, to fall and fit into the reader's mind exactly because the reasoning is so simple and so convincing, so developed step by step in a natural and necessary sequence, that, when the conclusion is arrived at, it seems impossible to conceive the opposite. A comparison of singular appositeness and beauty, which is introduced to disprove the argument that so noble a work as the Iliad must be the product of a single mind, deserves quotation in full:

"There is one art at least in which composite authorship is not held to be any bar to complete æsthetic enjoyment of the result. Many of our great Gothic cathedrals are the joint product of many hands, working in different styles over a long period of years; and in the marks of many men, designing independently, yet ruled by one main aim, we are accustomed to find a singular charm of human interest—a proof of vital force which we miss in the more formal buildings which have been conceived and carried out on one consistent plan. The same is the case with the Iliad; it loses nothing in human interest if it be conceived not as the voice of a single man, but as the heritage of a whole age of Greek history."

Finally, those who are not influenced by considerations of "complete æsthetic enjoyment" so much as by matter-of-fact arguments, should at least relish and digest the following dry note:

"10. 578. It may be noticed that, as the Iliad stands, this is the third supper which Odysseus has enjoyed during this long and eventful night (cf. 9. 90; 221)."

T. E. PAGE.

THE NAULAHKA.*

The authors of 'The Naulahka' have divided the world with a line, like Pope Alexander VI., Mr. Kipling taking the East, and Mr. Balestier the West. Their collaboration is arranged on the simplest plan. East and West do not blend into one another, but are set side by side, with the joinings visible. In Topaz, we are guided by Mr. Balestier; in Rhatore, by Mr. Kipling. The hero, Nicholas Tarvin, is a character worth studying. He is an ardent patriot and a keen municipal worker. "His best wish for himself was one with his best wish for the town. He could not succeed if the town failed, and if the town prospered he must prosper." Clearly an ideal candidate for the London County Council. All through he has a consistent eye for the main chance. He goes to India for love, also for business. Would he have followed Kate if there had been no Mrs. Mutrie, no Naulahka, and no Three C's? Let us give him the benefit of the doubt. He makes a great sensation at Rhatore, where his peculiar slang may still be lingering in the English of the Maharajah's household. As a hero he has one fatal flaw, invulnerability. Fire will not burn, nor water drown him. A knife whizzes close to his head; he turns in time to escape it. He steps on a sliding stone, and steps off again the moment before it would have precipitated him into a chasm. He enters the Cow's Mouth; wicked green eyes look up at him in the darkness, but the owner, whether snake or tiger, keeps still long enough for him to run back out of the hole. This was irritating to Sitabhai, the gipsy queen, and it is aggravating to the reader. We feel that something ought to happen. Achilles would be the dullest character in poetry but for his vulnerable heel; Siegfried would be useless for an epic without the spot where the leaf fell. When Tarvin escapes in the bullock-waggon safe and sound, and, if possible, more conceited than ever, we have a distinct consciousness that we and Rhatore are being swindled.

Kate Sheriff, the heroine, is a strange type of Zenana missionary. She begins badly, even at the training college, where she is much annoyed at being asked to scald milk-cans. The American missionary and his wife are depressing people. Mission work to them is like a game of chess played in the sultry interior of an Indian palace, dull and never-ending. The Naulahka is a handsome necklace, but we see too little of it. It is dangled once or twice before our eyes, then with a tardy repentance, Tarvin packs it up in a grape-box, and sends it back to Sitabhai. On the whole, it is rather a heavy ornament for a novel. The single Moonstone has ten times its lustre, and more than ten times its mystery. The real interest of the book is in the life behind the curtains of the Maharajah's palace. The child Kunwar, his mother, the forsaken Kulu queen, the gipsy with her wicked arts, are pictures of Indian life which even Mr. Kipling has not surpassed. The lazy telegraph official in dove-coloured satin is a person we are proud to know. The book gives an excellent idea of the sleepiness of an Indian summer. There are passages towards the end almost equal to the 'Summer Night in Lahore,' Mr. Kipling's finest piece of descriptive prose. It is good of the writers to take leave of us on the eastern side of the line. Topaz is a pushing town, and a town that appreciates municipal talent. No doubt it has long ago secured the Three C's railroad, and found an outlet for its products to the Gulf of Mexico. In real life Topaz might be endurable, but in fiction even sleepy Rhatore is better. M.

* 'The Naulahka: a Story of West and East.' By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. (Heinemann.)

SECRET SERVICE UNDER PITT.*

This book has reached us too late for the detailed review which alone could do justice to its merits and its peculiarities. It is a curiosity of history, a wonder of research, a revelation of that in human nature which makes us shudder more than anything else. The facts have been given in general outline before. Lecky and Froude have revealed how Pitt and his friends paid handsomely for the able services of such accommodating persons as would betray their fellows. Mr. Fitzpatrick's part has been to dot the i's, to drag obscure names and facts relative to these transactions to light, and pillory them. For this he has ransacked State papers, unedited MSS., forgotten pamphlets and memoirs, with more than industry, with the delight of the sleuth-hound that scents its prey, loses the trail of it, regains it, and finally runs it to earth. Gaboriau appealed to an instinct that is still, for all our civilisation, unsubdued in mankind—not the hatred of vice, we fear, but the more savage and primitive love of hunting an enemy. The detective is strong in Mr. Fitzpatrick. In mysteries, labyrinths, and disguises he revels, with a proud confidence that they are not too much for him. If he had but lived a little earlier and been a United Irishman, the career of Mr. Turner and Mr. Magan had surely been shorter and less prosperous. Alas, the United Irishmen had none of his qualities! Even the spies amongst them did not recognise their fellow-spies. But indeed for the victims' foolish faith we are almost grateful in the midst of revelations like these.

The book is not easy reading—no book with such a

* 'Secret Service under Pitt.' By W. J. Fitzpatrick. (Longmans.)

multitude of footnotes could be, and Mr. Fitzpatrick has little of the commonplace virtue of system. But he has an evident desire to force you to acknowledge his accuracy, and so he gives evidence and counter evidence and supplementary evidence, and modifying facts; and documents are quoted for all. But ill put together as it is, and repellent as is its subject, it enthralls you like a novel—only few novels dare leave their readers with such a loathing for human nature.

Stopping not to condemn, but only to convict, the author marshals before you almost every species of the genus "spy." There is the high-spirited Turner—Mr. Fitzpatrick's prize informer, the spy whose name he ferreted out all by himself with endless difficulty—Samuel Turner, LL.D., who wears the green with a jaunty air, and who is a very fire-eater in resenting insults to that colour. His victims were even more numerous than his aliases. There is some little uncertainty as to the exact circumstances of his death, but that he was stabbed in the Isle of Man is the thing of first importance. Then there is the shy, mysterious Francis Magan, "the pink of propriety," and the betrayer of Lord Edward, who "held his head high," and was most scrupulous in the payment of his private debts with still more private blood-money. Father O'Leary, too, the amiable, talented, saintly priest, whom we are loath to deliver over to the pillory. Above all there is Leonard McNally. He had possibly betrayed Robert Emmet, but he comforted him with pious words on the morning of his execution. He was an eloquent pleader for his rebel clients whose case he had previously betrayed to the Crown. A popular author too, of comic operas, masques, and touching lyrics. The pit preferred him to Shakespeare. There is the coarse, greedy, thick-skinned Reynolds, not above his trade. And too many more. It is a page of history we are glad to turn over, but a romance-writer would find it a perfect mine from which to dig out dark stuff for sinister plots.

G-Y.

DIANA TRELAWNY.*

Mrs. Oliphant may tempt us to exclaim that "Of making books there is no end," but it does not at all follow that the exclamation is one of weariness. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that 'Diana Trelawny' is as good as anything, and better than a great deal, that has yet come from her fertile pen. There is an element of strength in the situation that has sometimes been wanting, and that still rarer quality of restraint which permits tragedy to join hands with comedy, and refuses under all circumstances to leave us in unmitigated gloom. The history of this great mistake, due to the fatal interference of a third person, might well have provided the theme of an unrelieved tragedy. But Mrs. Oliphant is no pessimist. She successfully convinces us, upon the one hand, of the vast difference between pity and love, and even where the tragedy itself comes in, she does full justice to the great law of compensation.

That Pandolfini got what he did not want is quite sufficiently terrible, but that he never, under any circumstances, could have had what he did want is a consolatory fact not to be lost sight of. Diana's character is an interesting and novel creation, though we cannot but share Mrs. Hunstanton's irritation at her inexplicable indulgence towards undeserving objects. Poor Pandolfini is truly a man of dreams, but not unattractive for that, and the minor characters are all drawn with Mrs. Oliphant's usual care. Mrs. Norton and Sophy are undoubtedly good specimens of the parasite tribe, but the constant repetition of the "little women" and their ways becomes tedious.

Whatever commonplaces of expression and sentiment however we may take exception to in the story, there is no denying that Mrs. Oliphant has managed to strike a new and strong note of optimism, for which we may be truly thankful.

R. M. BRADLEY.

A HIGH LITTLE WORLD.†

The "world" into which we are introduced by this anonymous and presumably new writer is "high," not in an ethical or social sense, but locally, being situated on the steep edge of the Yorkshire moorland; and it is "little" because the entire drama is played out within the limits of one or two parishes, and perhaps also because the players are not people of importance, but the ordinary denizens of the towns and villages, granges and peels within that region. There, is, however, a great wealth of incident and of character, and whatever the story lacks, it certainly possesses rapidity and interest. The plot, although here and there somewhat clumsily articulated, is clever and daring—perhaps rather too daring, as the heroine, who is a deaf mute, suggests the 'Scapegoat,' and the harsh Yorkshire characters invite comparison with 'Wuthering Heights.' Dialect varies so much, even in the same county, that it may be unsafe to say that the vernacular of "Fairfax" is not accurately given; and undoubtedly the great merit of the book is the vivid preservation of local colour. The most prominent character—the strong-willed, hard-hearted squire—is indeed a common type, but the exhibition of some religious phases among the Yorkshire peasantry is the rare achievement of an intelligent and humorous observer, and may rank, in the substance of it, with George Eliot's work in the same kind. The blemish in the book is that there is not one character we can wholly love or respect, and it is through love our keenest interest is drawn out. There are two characters which are novel and exquisitely drawn—the squire's mother, and the little Lily, marred by her father's sin. These characters are depicted with unusual power, with genuine and sustained pathos; they are alive, and will remain with us. As a whole, the 'High Little World' is an excellent piece of work. The author has established a claim to write novels, and has given the public a claim to ask for more.

M. D.

CARLYLEANA.*

We are constantly forced to listen to a great deal of very foolish cackle about Carlyle, from the current opinion of acid and ill-informed gossips that he spent his life in ill-treating Mrs. Carlyle, to the loudly expressed conviction of the literary upstarts that his doctrine is effete, and his influence played out. The best reply to all this is the simple fact that our publishers seem able to meet with a market for every scrap of writing left in the great man's rubbish-heaps, and find his ill-considered fragments of far higher commercial value than the highly finished products of those who depreciate him. For months past two of our chief reviews have mainly subsisted on the chips that still lie round the place where that mighty tree once stood; and to all thinking men, his figure stands out more and more grandly, with every year of the dying century, as a "prophet, priest, and king."

In this book the chips are re-gathered and once more reverently served up to us. We are, indeed, somewhat doubtful as to the wisdom of stretching out any further the tale of this "gospel of silence in thirty volumes." What with Mr. J. A. Froude's indiscretions, aggravated by Carlyle's own Quixotic desire to expiate his matrimonial sins by publishing Mrs. Carlyle's letters, and the recent inexcusable publication of Mr. Anstey's crude notes from his literary lectures, the roots of Carlyle's genius have already been exposed sufficiently to the gaze of an indiscriminating and irreverent world, not reluctant to wreak its vengeance on a philosopher who despised it so heartily. Sir Gavan Duffy's conversations have their apology: it is indeed desirable that every friend who knew the real Carlyle should do his utmost to disperse that ugly mist which has gathered, to our common harm, round the memory of one of our greatest men. Professor Masson's recent sketch fills up a *lacuna* in Carlyle's biography, for which we should all be thankful. But the book which has been published by Messrs. Longmans under the amazingly inappropriate title of 'Carlyle's Last Words,' performs none of these services. It gives to the world a fragment of a novel which, as all faithful Carlyleans already know, was written in those early Craigenputtock days and thrown aside as an unsatisfactory medium for the expression of the thoughts afterwards to be elaborated in 'Sartor Resartus.' As such, it is interesting to students. To all others it will be inexpressibly tedious, and, when it abruptly breaks off, few will be found to feel any sympathetic wonder as to the future in store for the

*'Diana Trelawny.' The History of a Great Mistake. By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. (Blackwood and Sons.)

†'A High Little World, and what happened there.' Three volumes. (Richard Bentley and Son.)

*'Carlyle's Last Words.' (Longmans, Green and Co.)

characters depicted. Carlyle had some of the qualities of a novelist, as also of a poet: his vivid imagination would supply a dozen of the Traill quality in either branch. But though he was an artist, he was much more than an artist, and that "more" spoilt him as an artist. With one side of his nature he yearned for reality, however dreadful—"Truth though the heavens fall"!—and with the other side he had an unappeasable thirst for the Beauty of the Eternal. His task in life was to show that the True was also the Beautiful, and that could not be done within the confines of a novel. This fragment, therefore, is a mere forsaken quarry, from which the stories have been taken—as from his diary—to build up the 'Sartor.' Compare, for instance, the passages describing his first love-disappointment:—

Wotton Reinfred.

"O God, a gleam of hell passed over the face of my angel, and the pageant was rolled together like a scroll, and thickest darkness fell over me, and I heard the laughter of a demon."

Sartor Resartus.

"Thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul, as rose the immeasurable crash of Doom: and, through the ruins as of a shivered universe, was he falling, falling, towards the abyss."

Or, again, these passages:—

Wotton Reinfred.

"'After all,' said he, 'what have I to lose? My integrity is mine, and nothing more. Who fears not death, him no shadow can make tremble,' and reciting this latter sentence with a strong low tone, in the original words of Euripides, its author," etc. (p. 119).

Sartor Resartus.

"What *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever fear and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! What is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death: and say the pangs of Tophet too," etc. (p. 114).

"One may still murmur audibly, or in the original Greek if that suit better—'Whoso can look death in the face can start at no shadows'" (p. 165).

The mother in 'Wotton Reinfred' is drawn, very evidently, straight from the life, and the old Mrs. Carlyle is sketched with the same loving hand as in the Diary and in the Reminiscences. Bernard Swane is also an unmistakable picture of Edward Irving, and the account of his friendship for Wotton contains many interesting little biographical glimpses. Williams is, no doubt, a sketch of Lord Jeffrey.

But, after all, Wotton Reinfred cannot compare with Teufelsdröckh as an imaginative creation, and the literary power of this fragment is immeasurably inferior to that of 'Sartor.' Its best use is to show Carlyle's power of self-criticism. The other pieces are of little or no importance. Carlyle's 'Journey to Paris (Futile Enough)' is an amusing illustration of his hatred of the French character, and his morbid distaste for travel. His 'Letters to Varnhagen Von Ense' are singularly disappointing. Except as an illustration of Carlyle's power of using others for his own purposes—Varnhagen seems to have been a kind of literary "fag" to him—they give us nothing new, and are not to be compared in interest to his letters to Emerson and Goethe.

HAROLD SPENDER.

HOWELL'S LETTERS.*

The Epistolæ Ho-elianæ were once so popular with the many, and since their last reprint in 1754 have been so dearly prized by the few, that it is strange we have had to wait so long for a modern edition. It may be that Hoelian enthusiasts will still prefer their old choice copy with its original eccentric spelling, but many a gentle Bookman will be proud to range on his shelves these two noble monuments to the fame of one of the Fathers of English prose. Handsomer they could hardly be, in paper, print, or binding; indeed, there is a certain something peculiarly Hoelian about the well-fancied cover with its tiny heraldic stamp. In this, the first attempt at editing the work, the somewhat modernised text of 1737 has been followed with a few variations; a course judicious on the whole, though many would doubtless prefer not to tamper with Howell's curious spelling reforms.

Of the Letters themselves and their multifarious contents little need here be said. Those who know them know them very well, those who do not have now a treat before them, for which they need no whets or provocatives in the form of excerpts. I must, however, echo the editor's protest (p. lxviii.) against one of Mr. Saintsbury's random absurdities, namely, that "with Howell as with Walton"—Walton of all people in the world—"the attraction of matter completely outdoes the purely literary attraction." The next revelation will be that "Bradshaw" should be revered purely for its fascinating style. Indeed, I have always thought that Howell's matter has been too highly regarded; it is so obviously purloined and dovetailed in—so impertinently, so impudently artificial. But his style Mr. Jacobs can hardly go too far in praising; it is the natural voice of the seventeenth century, while it gave the keynote to the full chorus of our Augustan prose. Still later our crafty wizards, Scott, Thackeray, and many another, resolved him in their alembics; on their shelves he lay dark beside Burton and Browne; precious drugs these not to be divulged to the laity, invaluable secrets whenever the alchemist would fain give a seventeenth century flavour to his magic potion. Hoelisms will be found to form the staple of what we have long cherished as delightful reproductions of old-world diction. But apart from the intangible, nay perhaps unreasonable charm of his odd turns and sudden flashes, Howell possesses more solid merits. Mr. Jacobs is perfectly justified in claiming for him, and not for Dryden and Cowley, the invention of the short, easy, luminous modern sentence, though perhaps I should prefer to regard both Howell and Defoe rather as salient types of that tendency to English plain thinking and plain speaking, to free, unfettered, intelligible utterance, which must infallibly have followed the downfall of so many shams during those twenty not unfruitful years of Rebellion.

But it is not with the Historiographer Royal that we are now concerned, but with his editor. Of his zeal, enthusiasm and exhaustive labour too much could hardly be said, nor upon the more important points is his critical judgment often at fault. He has had access to the Notes of the late Mr. H. King now in Mr. Firth's collection, whose own vast and exact knowledge has also been freely drawn upon. A copious Introduction begins by telling us all that is known about Howell. Born in 1593, he was one of the Anglicised Welshmen who from Tudor days were coming to the front, but he was in all respects a typical Celt. Nor is Mr. Jacobs going too far in regarding the Letters as "the most important contribution which Wales has made to English Literature"; still less if we decline to follow him in classing the Herberts as Welshmen. The facts of Howell's life rest mainly on the unstable foundation of his own writings, for curiously enough we glean nothing from his contemporaries, save that he appears as one of Sir Kenelm Digby's apocryphal "sympathetic salve" patients. That he was a government spy is quite certain, and on the whole it is improbable that he really played so important a part in public life or polite society as he pretends, or as Mr. Jacobs is willing to believe. The editor next deals with Howell's various works, at least sixty in number, of which he appends a careful bibliographical list, some items of which, however, published under the initials J. H., are at least doubtful. Popular in their day, these writings, all save the Epistles, are now forgotten. The arts which embellish the Letters shine less brilliantly in more ambitious works; Howell was an adroit bookmaker and a barefaced plagiarist, but after all he was not a Defoe.

We now come to the crucial point—the authenticity of the Letters—which is argued by Mr. Jacobs with considerable dexterity. With every inducement to vindicate his hero, he finally decides to suspend his judgment and to rest in the sure and blessed hope that some day something will turn up to confirm his faith. That Howell had Angel Day's *English Secretary* in his mind is clear enough from internal evidence, and there is much to be said for Mr. Jacobs' "hair trunk" theory. But I shall not be tempted into this enticing controversy, because I had long ago taken for granted and rested calmly on a totally different theory, which, as I am staggered to find that it has never even crossed Mr. Jacobs' mind, may after all be untenable. So till I can spare an hour in a library I must refrain.

In a Supplement the editor adds a number of documents from the Public Records and other sources, some of which are of importance. Lastly appears a goodly array of Notes,

* 'The Familiar Letters of James Howell.' Edited by J. Jacobs. In two volumes. (Nutt.)

on which much labour has been spent to very little purpose. They are indeed perfectly useless. Surely Howell is a book for the armchair, not for the lectern, or the school desk. Is the reader to be harassed by having every minute to lift the ponderous second volume, look out the place and then find—what, alas, he will find, if he is lucky enough to find anything at all. My own excursions have proved mostly barren, owing to the frequent misprints or errors in figures; immense pains have been taken with the ingenious method of references, but only two of the cross-references I looked out proved correct. The same extraordinary inaccuracy appears in the earlier part of the work so far as my cursory inspection extends. Verbal misprints do not seem so common, but three documents in the Supplement are each labelled "from the Stafford Letters." But to return, why are these Notes huddled away at the end of the second volume, as in a school-book? What is the objection to footnotes? Is it in deference to some mystic canon of the printers, that they "do not look quite the thing—not a first-class job by no manner of means," etc.? These time-honoured æsthetic notions of tradesmen in every trade are invariably wrong. Here, in the first place be it remarked that footnotes need not be ugly; we can point to grand old pages which they embellish rather than disfigure, and if our printers cannot do as well as their forefathers more shame for them. But ugly or pretty it is time this affected nonsense was dropped. Are books mere toys, to be arranged and rearranged on shelves, and dandled now and then in loving hands? Well, some are, and why should they not be? Toys are among the sweetest and wholesomest things in life; a Cardinal nursing his doll, a Statesman building card-cabinets, would but provoke the indulgent smile of the philosopher. Only let things be called by their right names. The work of the world is not done by the toy-steam-engines and mimic guillotines. Let old bibliomaniacs have their pretty playthings, but they shall no longer delude us into using toy-tools. For to us who live by the spirit as well as the letter, a book is a tool, a wondrous little engine by which we expedite in our brief span of years the transformation from the vacuity of the infant to the wisdom of the sage. A curse on him who dulls, distorts, or cramps these precious instruments! Away with the obscurantism of the black art of bookmaking! As though efficiency could ever be ugly! Never yet have I seen a tool well made and honestly fashioned to its purpose which was wholly unsightly, and where fit ornament has been added—think only of the old arms, and nautical instruments—the tools which man clutches in his struggle with Nature and Destiny are not less beautiful and seemly than his pictures and statuary, the mere furniture and trappings of his life. Is this splendid edition here on my table meant for use or ornament? For use, surely; or why should the editor have enriched it with so much toilsome learning? Learning is not pretty. Why drag it in at all, if it must be hidden in notes which nobody will be able to read?

This tirade will fortunately leave me less space for some disparaging remarks which must not be wholly omitted. Mr. Jacobs is not invariably careful in his statements, or sober in his judgments, nor always quite awake. For instance, he says that Howell's proverb, "'Tis further from London to Highgate than from Highgate to London," is "imitated from *Il y a plus de Montmartre à Paris que de Paris à Montmartre*." Again, Howell's obscure allusion to his "wounding the Serjeants in Lombard Street" is worked up by Mr. Jacobs into this: "Young blood will out, and a parting dinner at the Fleece or the Ship would not have an appropriate ending unless after an interview with the serjeants of"—not *in*—"Lombard Street and their superiors." The dinner, Fleece, Ship and interview are pure inventions, and who were the "superiors"? Does he fancy the serjeants were policemen? Howell mentions (p. 301) that the English came from Holstein. By the bye, the text is never polluted by any numbers or indication of notes, so you must keep the second volume open on the chance, and here we find this valuable note: "This is of course a commonplace of English history; cf. the opening passage of Green's *Short History*." Again (p. 153), we have Abbot wanting to "retire to his Almshouse at Guilford." Turn to the note—it is quite oracular: "*Guilford* (Guildford), where the almshouses still exist, for I have seen them." So have I, but what of that? The fact is that Mr. Jacobs is one of your modern antiquarians, who are fast dropping the dignity and polish of the old school in the competition for popularity. He sinks to allusive bombast and even to slang, and emulates the ursine gambols and daring familiarities of Dr. Jessopp and the magazine writers. It is a thousand pities. Yet, after all, Howell suffers less from such treatment than would a more serious author, and the admirable Index would cover a multitude of greater sins.

Y. Y.

A BOOK ON HERALDRY.*

This sumptuous volume has been published in vindication of the fame of "the ablest and most scientific writer on heraldry." Nisbet, born in Edinburgh in 1657, devoted his life to the study of the subject, with little profit to himself. He was a lawyer, but his profession had no chance against his predilection. That he was "the landless representative of an ancient and honourable family" sufficiently accounts for his absorbing interest. As a strong Jacobite, he was denied official patronage; as an "honest herald," his aim being to "flatter no man," the ways to popularity and fortune open to others of his calling were closed to him. Audacious forgeries committed in his name did harm to his reputation for a century and a half. The plates he had prepared for his great work he was not able to publish in his lifetime. Recently unearthed, due honour has been done to them in their reproduction and to his memory by the editors. A "gule," and a "canton azure," and a "gironny of light or and sable," are dark things to most readers, but as the book includes references to at least several hundred families, it has interest for a very considerable number of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. The Nisbet family is dealt with at great length, and their fortunes, mostly bad it would seem, fill some interesting pages of history. Other folks' doings are more drily recorded—being mostly limited to their births, deaths, and intermarryings—with the exception of the Macgregors', to the dishonour of whom some malicious verses are quoted from 'The Black Book of Taymouth.' Their heraldic symbols, "The sworde and fir-tree croceit beneath ane croun," are declared "meit for such lymmaris." The authority of the crown is evidently needed in the neighbourhood of those "cutthrotis" and of the king's resort in the probable event of their rebellion there is no doubt—

> "He will erect ane gallows of that trie,
> And thair upone thame in ane widdie hang.
> So faris my wittis can serve, I can nocht ken
> Ane better badge for suche a sort of men."
>
> *Post scriptum.*
>
> Ane thing yit restis that sould their armes befit
> If with Sanct Johnstounis rubenis thai war knit. Amen.

The writer of the verses must have been a Campbell.

AT THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Diary of a Reader.

July 13th.—Three days ago I had not exercised my duty as a citizen. There seemed to be some likelihood that before twenty-four hours should have passed a public opportunity would be afforded me of giving expression to those views I have been maturing for the last six years. I have a few solutions to offer. I was offering them to my family by way of rehearsal, when the book-packet came in. They pushed 'The Billsbury Election' towards me, possibly to keep me quiet. For a fortnight newspapers had been my food by day, my pillow by night; but this book I thought might give me a humorous point or two for my speech. While I was cogitating paragraphs on the sacred responsibilities of citizens, Mr. Lehmann seemed to me a trifle frivolous; but three days have passed over my head since then. My favourite paragraphs, climax and peroration are as dust and ashes in the mouth that was never allowed to utter them. I have turned again, with more relish this time, to

* Alexander Nisbet's Heraldic Plates, originally intended for his 'System of Heraldry,' lately found in the Library of William Eliott Lockhart, of Cleghorn, now Reproduced with Introduction and Notes, Genealogical and Heraldic, by Andrew Ross, Marchmont Herald, and Francis J. Grant, Carrick Pursuivant. (Edinburgh: G. Waterston & Sons).

this tale of folly and vanity, and in the "Modern Types" there is one I recognise with ease. I know every feature of Mr. Lehmann's "Young M.P.," from his platitudes to his frock-coat.

But what with the canvassers of three constituencies, and the newspapers all run to figures, it's only the 'Arabian Nights,' or 'Robinson Crusoe' that one has a real desire for. They are generally, however, on an inaccessible shelf, if one has sold one's self to the circulating library. Mr. Black's 'Magic Ink' came handier. Its scene is laid in Fleet Street, but the reading of a page or two disclosed dreams of Welsh mountains, names with double l's, and verses of ballads in italics. It seemed safely remote from polling-booths. True, I had heard of a Welsh question, but the hero, a musical lad, turned bank-clerk, didn't seem to be thinking of it. The story was indeed free from the taint I dreaded. But, alas! it belied its title. There was no magic in it at all, only staring impossibility. Mr. Black shouldn't come down from his lochs and mountains. We call impossibility magic up there, but it's just the reverse in Fleet Street. And so in his second story, 'A Hallowe'en Wraith,' there is something of Mr. Black's old charm. By the way, why do short story-tellers put their second-best foot foremost, as a rule, when they gather their tales into a volume?

It was not 'The Magic Ink,' but another collection of short stories that lifted me for a while out of the remembrance of gains and losses, and recorded votes, and the peculiar arithmetic of the journalist. Mr.—more probably Miss—Frank Pope Humphrey has written 'A New England Cactus,' and other tales, all in a minor key. They treat of such themes as the romance of old age, and the pathos of middle age, but they show a kindly tolerance for youth, too. The author is audacious. Through the mouth of one of her people she actually denies the New England conscience, which is very upsetting. To that conscience I had held fast, thinking even this Sodom of a world safe while it existed. The best story in it is perhaps "The Courageous Action of Lucia Richmond." Its motive reminds one of "Cecilia de Noël." Lucia, like Cecilia, behaves in an affectionate manner to a ghost, but Lucia's is a much better ghost. It is sensible, too, of the attention paid to it, or perhaps a little bored by having to listen to readings from Jeremy Taylor and Dr. Johnson. (There was no circulating library in the remote New England village.) At all events, its wanderings ceased, and it retired to rest for evermore.

There is a great deal of worldly wisdom about some books. They can flourish and win a reputation on a title or on a first chapter. There is far too little about others—'The Squire,' by Mrs. Parr, for instance. Family puzzles should not be set before a reader till he is fairly interested in at least two members. I'd have given up before the solution was reached had I been anywhere save in the railway, and had I not been under a vow to read no more than two newspapers a day. So I mastered the Barbara's, and the three Mrs. Croft's, and the youth and the maiden who should have been each other, if I remember, had their respective mothers done what they would have liked to. And then came the reward in a pretty love-story which mildly interests, and seems to deserve the blessing which the Squire pours out on it, after due crosses and delays.

July 20th.—Two funny books have come. They are labelled funny by their pictures. But one of them I find hard work to read. Mr. Zangwill could have made an amusing *Idler* article or two out of 'The Old Maid's Club,' but to spin out a rather thick volume with inspiration and jokes both running low, was a pity. Mr. Zangwill is always smart, which perhaps explains why he is seldom funny, and so one grins and rarely smiles while 'The Old Maid's Club' is on the way. The other is much less smart. It is more genuine. It is 'The Diary of a Nobody,' by the Brothers Grossmith. The "Nobody" lives in The Laurels, Brookfield Terrace, Holloway, a villa somewhat out of repair. He is a clerk in the city, honest and stupid. He has an affectionate silly wife and a vulgar young son. They have a large circle of acquaintances. They eat together, quarrel with each other and the tradespeople, go to the play, to tea parties, and to the Lord Mayor's. They play silly games, and the "Nobody" makes atrocious jokes. There is little art, but a good deal of human nature, in the book, and after all the Somebodies haven't much better to chronicle most days. But it should be read to the accompaniment of a pier-band.

And so should that real genuine melodrama, 'More Kin than Kind,' which needs sea-air to give one an appetite for it. Murderous melodrama, by the way, is not at all to the liking of the hero of Mr. Baker's novel, 'Mark Tillotson.' Mark would have no "murder-books," in his library, and his sister, the librarian, was hard put to it sometimes. "Murders she found everywhere but in the works of the great masters of fiction." I suspect she had to have some of these bowdlerized. It is a hard lot for this good man to be compelled to be the hero in a book that contains two attempted murders and two successful suicides. It is not a bad story, however, if somewhat of the guide-book order, the towers of Prague and the scenery of the Elbe doing many picturesque services. But its real object is the praise and glory of Bodenstedt. One of the characters, a young lady, is translating him, and quotes from her MS. on all occasions. A dark being is hinted at, a Professor of German literature, who had never heard of 'Mirza Schaffy.' Fate did not send him across the path of the fair translator, and his fate is unknown.

After all this light fare, a little hard fact was welcome in the shape of Mr. Watson's 'Adventures of a Blockade Runner.' It is written by an over-modest man. A writer should be simply bursting with his story before it ever appears to the world as a good one; and when he speaks in a cold-blooded way of "my somewhat adventurous life," it is downright disspiriting. There is no long-bow drawing in it at all. I don't object to the dry truth, but there's too much of it. Condensed, it would make a lively book, for at times Mr. Watson is as good a narrator as could be wished. The story of how his schooner was bearing down Swash Channel silently in the dark, how they passed the Confederate gunboat, and just when every man's breath was hushed, their cock crowed out long and clear and treacherously enough to betray them up and down the channel, is of breathless interest. For all its dry chronicling, the book gives you a zest for the business, for at least "the real cream of blockade-running—the first night on the outward trip, with a good cargo of the valuable cotton, a rattling breeze, and every stitch of canvas the vessel could stagger under, neither lights, look-out, or any other precaution thought of, but dash recklessly on, getting further and further from the cruiser-infested coast and out to the wide range of the open ocean, where the wide expanse made cruisers few and far between."

July 27.—'Ingelheim' is a novel of character, likewise of conversation. If would be much better if it contained about half its contents. The talent it shows is surprising, but as a story it is exasperating. A child is lost in Paris. A foreign-looking child is found in England and brought up in a parsonage. She possesses a voice, and is sent abroad to cultivate it. Later she is claimed as the long-lost child of a countess, and no sooner is she comfortably installed than it is discovered she is no such thing. The real daughter turns up. Dolores is chivied about from home to home, never becomes a prima donna, and who she is remains a mystery to the end. The real interest lies in the picture of life at the small court of Ingelheim. The conversations are a trifle too witty and polished even for a court, but the clever Virginia, who carries luck with her by manufacturing a special point of view from which to regard life, is a fascinating person. The others are human beings, but the sentimental glamour thrown over them gives them a look of unreality. The author of 'Ingelheim' wants a tyrannical collaborator.

There is some sense in putting a weak story first in the case of Mr. Besant's new volume, for 'Verbena Camellia Stephanotis' is a striking name indeed. It is not a striking story, and not a very pleasant one. Verbena is a new development of heroine for Mr. Besant. She is a little ghoulish, having lived in the neighbourhood of a graveyard so long. Her chief distinctions are, to present bouquets of flowers, plucked from the new graves, to her favourite actress, and to desert her father, who is absorbed in his grave-gardening business. The other stories, and especially No. 2, are capital. Yet in 'Dives' it strikes me the plot would have been funnier in Mr. Anstey's hands. The interchange of bodies and fortunes between two young men, their souls still remaining their own, is a good beginning for a story. The difficulties of the situation Mr. Besant manages

admirably, the fun of it less well. It gives opportunity, however, for a situation after his own heart—a country house and all that makes life pleasant, the host a young millionaire, sociable, kindly, and industrious only in pleasure-planning; the guests, the hardest-worked girls under twenty-five in London, artists, journalists, teachers, etc., etc. If I had stopped my week's book-rambling there, it had been well. I am in a less benignant mood now. Mr. Traill's 'Number Twenty' came in my way. No. 20, by-the-by, is not a dynamitard or a convict. He is a Century—the next—and his career is made the occasion of gibes at the human race. His seven ages are each more melancholy than the other, and Old Time heaves a sigh of relief as he shovels the earth on Twenty's coffin, and promises he will do his best to restore a sense of humour to save a world in a desperate case. But it is hard on us who can hardly hope to survive Twenty's funeral. It is decidedly not the book to pack up in one's valise and take for a holiday. It may do if you are left alone in town, to convert your individual grumbling into universal scorn. No, the book to take for a holiday is the one that will make you dream of something you are not within reach of. For all going to the Norfolk Broads or the Dutch canals, for instance, I advise the new Badminton 'Mountaineering.' I ordered it for a similar reason. I am now full of warnings to travellers, learned about outfits, and could manage a guide excellently. It has been as good as a tonic to read it lying at ease in the back garden.

LIST FOR BOOK CLUBS.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Dod's Gospel of St. John.
Horton's This Do.
Huxley's Essays on Controverted Questions.
Maclaren's Gospel of St. Matthew.

POETRY.

Bridges' Achilles in Scyros. New ed.
Ellis's Fate in Arcadia, and other Poems.
Macfie's Granite Dust.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

An Englishman in Paris. Notes and Recollections.
Gladstone's Speeches and Public Addresses. Vol. X.
Green's Short History of the English People. Illustrated ed. Vol. I., with Memoir and Portrait of the Author.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anstey's Mr. Punch's Model Music Hall Songs and Dramas.
Maxwell's Meridiana.

TRAVEL, GUIDE BOOKS, ETC.

Barrett's Essex Highways, Byways, and Waterways.
Dent's Mountaineering.
Durham's The Lone Star of Liberia.
Hodgett's In the Track of the Russian Famine.
Junker's Travels in Africa, 1882-86.
Tracy's Rambles Through Japan.
Conway's Climber's Guide. The Lepontine Alps.
Conway's Climber's Guide. The Central Alps of Dauphiny.

FICTION.

Balestier's Average Woman.
Besant's Verbena Camellia Stephanotis.
Black's Magic Ink.
Crawford's Witch of Prague. 1 vol. ed.
Grossmith's Diary of a Nobody.
Humphrey's New England Cactus.
Kipling and Balestier's Naulahka.
Lehmann's Billsbury Election.
Oliphant's Diana Trelawny.
Payn's Modern Dick Whittington.
Parr's Squire.
Stevenson and Osbourne's Wrecker.
Traill's Number Twenty.

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Editor of the Young Author's Page
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

The "Sketches of Mr. Gladstone's Career in the style of Macaulay in 550 words or less" sent in were disappointing. Not one was really excellent. Two, however, stood considerably above the others and showed thoughtfulness, care, and some ear for the characteristic rhythm of Macaulay's prose. There was little to choose between their respective merits, and we have therefore divided the prize between

Mr. T. C. TURNBULL,
Cliff House,
Folkestone;
and
Mr. WINGATE PATTERSON,
42, Queen Street,
Stirling.

In some of the papers there was no visible effort after the style of Macaulay at all. The majority, however, had made some attempt to form sentences of cumulative effect, or to bring in a string of allusions, or to make use of antitheses, or to introduce some of the characteristics of Macaulay's rhetoric. Several were spoilt by incongruous words or phrases. One writer talked of Mr. Gladstone's Greek as calculated "to make a learned University Professor throw up the sponge in his favour." Another—his essay was good on the whole—spoke of "a financier alone on a peak of Darien"—surely an unsuitable place for a financier, unless on a holiday. One evidently thought Macaulay used sentences three words long. He had been reading "L'Homme qui rit" lately. It seemed as if several competitors thought they were meant to reproduce Macaulay's views on Gladstone, and a large proportion of the 550 words were quoted. A few actual misstatements of fact told against others.

Besides the essays of the two Young Authors already named, those sent by the following are worthy of honourable mention:—Amiright (Belfast); W. Bayfield (Commercial Road, E.); Ethelon (Hornsey); M.M.K. (Edinburgh); J. A. C. (Birmingham); T. L. W. (Sunderland); P. J. McK. (Inverness); Mons (Manchester); L. L. (Bloomsbury); B. C. (Kensington).

The prize for the best News Note has not been awarded, none of the paragraphs sent in being of sufficient interest or freshness.

We offer a Prize of

TWO GUINEAS

for the best poem of not more than forty-two lines, sent to us by October 1st. Competitors must not be writers by profession, and must observe the ordinary regulations for the Young Author's Page. The word *Prize* should be written on the wrapper enclosing the MS.

A. B.—It is commonplace. We advise you to betake yourself to some occupation, as you say you have none. Then perhaps you would have something interesting to write about. Don't try to write merely to kill time.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH.—An unsatisfactory story. It violates probabilities. The curate, Horace, and especially Jones, behave in an absurd fashion. Ina is certainly badly used. but otherwise she is intolerable. The workmen's meeting has nothing to do with the story, and might be omitted. The sermon should be abridged. Such sentences as "A gem of Rubens carelessly reposed on an easel in an out-of-the-way corner" are calculated to make the reader smile sceptically. You will have to watch how men and women actually conduct themselves in the world before you write a good story. But your case is not hopeless.

B. A. C.—You recognise its defect. There is a certain unreality about it, for which partly the earthquake is responsible, and partly the almost too opportune return of the lover, but it is distinctly good all the same. Your style is rather stiff, and you evidently want a good deal of practice in writing.

BLANCHE E. K.—Has little merit so far as either the story or the style is concerned. The tone is commonplace and sickly. It is not promising.

BUTTER PAPER.—A pathetic story, with several improbabilities. The proud Manton would not have expressed his need of money so loudly before his newly-regained richer friend, seeing that it was partly the difference in their fortune that had kept them apart. Secondly, Stephen would have had to tell a much more plausible lie, or, if he had not, Blake would have died at home in the fog. These faults might be remedied. It would be worth while.

C. F. B.—No. 1 begins fairly well, but it is a mistake to make the moral so obtrusive. No. 2 is very poor. It is made up of lines like "Hither all your treasures bring" and "The cowslip wet with morning dew," etc., which you have fished up from your memory.

C. F. C.—You have chosen a form for your sermon that does not fit your particular powers. You have given it an argumentative form. In reality there is no reasoning in it at all, but only a series of more or less connected statements. On p. 8 there is a glaring error of logic. Secondly, your English is very shaky—"ought not to take to do with" is inadmissible. The sentence on p. 9 beginning "If you are determined" is extremely loose, and another on p. 1, "Whatever be," is nonsense all through. Perhaps you had better not trust to your memory for quotations in future, since you speak of "the first to burst upon the silent scene, and view the landscape o'er." On p. 12 there is a very undignified figure of speech. In the thought and exhortations there is not very much to compensate for the other defects.

CAFÉ NOIR.—A brightly-told story. Colloquialisms are just a little too frequent even outside your conversations. You might with advantage practise yourself in a severer style.

CELLO.—Poor, even of its kind, and its kind is generally wanting in interest. There are some faults of English and some of spelling. There is hardly enough of it to show whether you have any talent for writing, nor is it the kind of thing that would test your powers.

DEMOS.—The sonnet is fair. It wants some striking or original thought to give it life. The translation is not good. You might try it again, keeping to Heine's metre, which is much more melodious than yours. The Eden verses are complimentary, but wanting in probability, and very jingling in metre.

PEARL.—Very good. It would have some chance of acceptance, probably, in a religious paper.

PIERS PLOWMAN.—No. 1 is pretty, but your metres are unfortunate. No. 2 has an excellent subject, and might have been very effective. As it stands it is grotesque, not gruesome, as you mean it to be. "Palely" and "greyly" are bad adverbs, and besides, they don't rhyme. It is a pity the exigencies of rhyme made you write "portal sable" for "black door," and "glimmer," "shimmer," "grimmer," and "dimmer," following hard on each other, show more persevering effort than skill. No. 3 is, perhaps, the best. The poetical subject of No. 4 does not save it from being dull. The subjects and your conceptions of them are good, but your ear wants training.

QUOD TENTO HABEO.—Good. Too many "sads" in stanza 3. You have some sense of form.

R. D.—We think it probable that the lamented hours when you are separated from your "Muse" are very profitably spent. You should cease to grieve over your "doom'd youth." Leave your youth alone, and don't tease it with pen and ink. You sing pathetically, "I cannot now go out and donkey-ride. [Why not?] But with song let the human mind be pleas'd." The human mind is hard to please. Stick to the donkey-riding. And you might read a little, too, if only to show you that such contractions as the following are unusual:—"it'n," "'ternity," "look'd'n your very eyes," "'magination," "'nd," "'stroy," etc.

R. M. O.—A realistic picture of the "shops," no doubt, but slightly lacking in general interest. If engineering papers admit fiction, your sketch might have a chance.

F. VILLON.—It is quite readable. One of its chief faults is the uncomfortable feeling it gives the reader at the end. What became of you after the murdered body was found in your house? Did the police believe the Mafia story? or have they no jurisdiction on St. Mary's Island? Then a romantic recluse shouldn't "demolish an excellent dinner." And he shouldn't sit on a "fauteuil," nor talk of his house as a "structure." And he should show some decent contempt for his friend's turning "informer." It is worth while going on with your tale-telling.

W. J. F.—Very pretty in parts. Is it meant to end here? A girl's magazine might accept it. But there are defects. A French girl of seventeen would hardly use such childish language as Adèle does at times, and at least she would not quote Browning. It is doubtful even if brother Jean would have known of "Hervé Riel."

E. A. S. W. G.—It is a powerful study of character. In your translations you might let yourself go a little more. Without being literal they smack rather of foreign than English idiom, and are a little stiff. For practice in writing it would be almost better to choose a shorter passage of idiomatic French or German, and stick to it till you have made it as perfect a piece of English as you can. But for your translations of stories you should find a market.

E. H. L. W.—The Storm verses are poor, and the metre most uncomfortable. The others are better, and if set to music, would make a tolerably good song.

FLORENT HEIM.—Your resolution is greatly to your credit, and you have our good wishes. But don't be in a hurry. You might spend the time "before this year closes" more profitably than in the way you suggest. It need not hurt you to realise that as yet you have nothing to say. You evidently read, which is a good thing for your case. Do it a great deal more, study your village folk, and possess your soul in patience. You write legibly, and have taken the trouble to learn how to form sentences and to punctuate, which is more than many "young authors" twice your age have done. It is rather rude, is it not, to talk of an amiable and active lady as being "half-a-century old"?

LEA HOLLY.—You write good straightforward English. You have not yet, however, learnt the meaning and use of a paragraph. Such essays are not accepted by periodicals, as they only contain a repetition of what is to be found in easily accessible books. But they are good practice, and a useful test of careful reading.

VIVIEN HOPE.—It is better than the last, and of its kind perhaps good. Its kind is not literature, but you might probably make a little money by writing such stories. There is certainly a market for them, especially when they are, like yours, distinctly moral.

NORA HOPPER.—We send you cordial encouragement. Your verses are poetry. The best, perhaps, is "Sure I was born." The Guinivere one is very pretty, but the Fairyland song is better, though the rhythm might be improved; and the last line of stanza 3 is imperfect. "Mortal" is the better word in the last line of all. The quatrains are good, especially No. 3.

J. B.—There is nothing remarkable either in the thought or the words, but it is fairly good. You might offer it to a religious paper.

MONA.—The lines scan, the sentiments are natural under the circumstances, but commonplace.

NETTLEHAM TORY.—There is probably the making of a good story-teller in you, and the tale you send might possibly be admitted as a short serial into a Scotch newspaper, if it were partly re-written, though its melancholy ending would be against its acceptance. It would be worth your while to learn to spell. Your dialect is good, but there is a lack of consistency in its use. The shadowing of Nigel, too, is unreal. You should invent more ingenious and more convincing evidence of his crime.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Beecher, H. W.—A Book of Prayers, 3/- .....Dickinson
[*A disappointing selection.*]
Buxton, Mrs. S.—Side Lights on Bible History, 5/- .....Macmillan
[*Written to show where Bible history is interwoven with and affected by that of nations other than the Israelites. The illustrations are numerous and good.*]
Coggin, F. E.—Man's Great Charter, an Exposition of the First Chapter of Genesis, 3/6.....Nisbet
Decline of the Pulpit and its Causes, The, by a Scottish Churchman, 3/6 .....Howell
Dods, M.—The Gospel of St. John, Expositor's Bible, 7/6 Hodder & Stoughton
Horton, Rev. R. F.—This Do. Six Essays in Practice, 2/-....Clarke
[*Sermons.*]
Little, Rev. H. W.—Arrows for the King's Archers, 3/6 ....Dickinson
Maclaren, A.—The Gospel of St. Matthew, vol. 2, 3/6
[*Sunday-school expositions.*] Hodder & Stoughton
Mocatta, M. A.—Stories from the Life of our Lord for Children of the Church, 3/6.....Mowbray
Moorhouse, Rev. M. B.—The Ten Virgins .....E. Stock
[*Four sermons preached in St. Luke's, Bath, Advent, 1891, with four short Advent addresses on "The Signs of our Lord's Second Coming."*]
Pierson, A. T.—The Heart of the Gospel. Twelve Sermons, 2/6 Passmore
[*Evangelical and millenarian.*]
Plumptre, Rev. E. H.—Pulpit Commentaries: Ezekiel, vol. 2, 12/6
[*Completed by Dr. Whitelaw.*] K. Paul
Sanday, W.—Two Present-Day Questions, Sermons, 2/6....Longmans
Smith, J. M.—The Essex Lad who became England's Greatest Preacher, Life of Spurgeon for Young People, 2/- Passmore
Spencer, H.—Principles of Ethics, vol. 1, 15/- ....Williams & Norgate
Stevens, Prof. G. B.—The Pauline Theology, 6/6 .....Dickinson
Varley, H.—The Infallible Word, 2/-..... Holness
[*Verbal Inspiration.*]

NEW EDITION.

Farrar, F. W.—Ephphatha, or the Amelioration of the World, 3/6 Macmillan

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Andrews, W.—Bygone Essex, 7/6 .....Andrews
Ashby, J. M.—Elizabeth Fry, 1/- .....Hicks
[*Vol I. of the "Friends' Biographical Series." A very good account of Elizabeth Fry's life and work, sympathetically written, and of interest outside Quaker circles.*]
Bacon, G. W.—New General Atlas of the World, 7/6 .....Bacon
Barrett, C. R. B.—Essex, Highways, Byways, and Waterways, 12/6
[*Capitally illustrated by the author.*] Lawrence & Bullen
Buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition, The, 10/6....Brentano
Compton, T.—A Mendip Valley, its Inhabitants and Surroundings, 10/6 Stanford
Congregational Candidates for the New Parliament, 2/- .....Clarke
Conway, W. N., and Coolidge, W. A. B.—Climber's Guide: The Lepontine Alps, 10/-.....Unwin
Conway, W. N., and others.—Climber's Guide: The Central Alps of Dauphiny, 10/- .....Unwin
Dent, C. T.—Mountaineering, 10/6. Badminton Library....Longmans
[*A capital book for intending climbers. It contains practical suggestions on outfits, guides, guide-books, camping, rock-climbing, etc., chapters on the history of mountaineering, mountain anecdotes, recollections, and a large number of illustrations. It likewise gives useful warnings, and is calculated to deter the unfit from this particular form of amusement.*]
Dictionary of National Biography, edited by S. Lee, vol. 31, 15/- Smith & Elder
Durham, F. A.—The Lone Star of Liberia .....E. Stock
[*A very interesting account of the experiment to repatriate the blacks, and a survey of the negro question as a whole. Little is known in England concerning this great racial problem, and a popular statement of facts and probabilities should be welcomed and read.*]
Englishman, An, in Paris, Notes and Recollections, 2 vols., 18/- Chapman and Hall
[*A book of high interest, less original than it seems.*]
Gentleman's Magazine Library, The. Edited by G. L. Gomme.—English Topography, Part II. .....E. Stock
[*The present volume contains the references to, and accounts of, the principal places in Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, Cornwall, and Cumberland, which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine from 1731 to 1868. There is a great deal of curious historical and antiquarian information, family history, legend, etc., which was certainly worth while reprinting.*]
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E.—Speeches and Public Addresses, vol. 10, 12/6.....Methuen
[*Will be noticed later.*]
Gordon, H. P.—The Land of the Almighty Dollar, 10/6 .....Warne
Green, J. R.—A Short History of the English People, edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate, vol. 1, 12/- Macmillan
[*See p.* 135.]
Hay, J. O.—Arakan, Past, Present, Future, a Resumé of Two Campaigns for its Development, 4/6.....Blackwood
Hughes, H. J.—Howell Harris, the Welsh Reformer, 6/6 .... Nisbet
Hughes, Rev. W.—Dark Africa and the Way Out, 2/- .....S. Low
Inderwick, F. A.—The Story of King Edward and New Winchelsea, 10/6 .....S. Low
Junker, Dr. W.—Travels in Africa, 1882-1886, trans. by A. H. Keane, vol. 3, 21/- .....Chapman & Hall
Kirk, T., and Thoresby, R.—Tours in Scotland, 1677-81, edited by P. H. Brown, 5/- .....Douglas
Leyland, J.—The Yorkshire Coast and the Cleveland Hills and Dales, 7/6 .....Seeley
MacGregor, J.—Toil and Travel, 16/-.....Unwin
Macmillan's History Readers. The Tudor Period, with Biographies of leading Persons .....Macmillan
[*A reading book for Standard V. It errs chiefly in an unnecessary effort after simplicity, but it will certainly serve to make the history lessons in elementary schools more interesting. The type is excellent. The illustrations are numerous, and fairly good.*]

Robinson, H. J.—Colonial Chronology, 16/-.....Lawrence & Bullen
[*Very useful to all students of colonial history and politics.*]
Stuart, J. A. E.—The Literary Shrines of Yorkshire, 7/6....Longmans
Tracy, A.—Rambles through Japan without a Guide, 6/- .....S. Low
Urwick, W.—The Early History of Trinity College, Dublin, 1/- Unwin
[*This short history is carefully compiled from contemporary records, the principal of which are named. It is a readable account of the foundation of the college and of the eminent persons connected with it. Its main object is to bring into view the national character of the foundation, and to dissociate the college from the sectarianism which has more recently been connected with it.*]
Vincent, Mrs. H.—Newfoundland to Cochin China by the Golden Wave, 7/6 .....S. Low
Walker, R.—The Clyde and the Western Highlands, 2/6 .....Virtue
Watson, W.—Adventures of a Blockade Runner, 5/- ..... Unwin
[*See p.* 156.]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

Broadhouse, J.—The Violin, its Construction, practically treated, 3/6 Reeves
Caine, R. H.—Love Songs of the English Poets, 1500-1800, 3/6 Heinemann
[*The selection runs from Skelton to Charles Wells. It is a good one on the whole, and would have been better had some of the later minor poems been omitted to make room for a larger number from the Elizabethan and Restoration periods. Very few of those admitted are unworthy, but every reader will find what he thinks unjustifiable omissions. The notes, biographical and critical, are too vague to be useful. The volume is a pretty and attractive one inside and out.*]
Cole, E. W.—Funniest Song Book in the World, 2/6 Spon & Hutchinson
Dean, A. C.—Frivolous Verses, 2/- .....Redin, Cambridge
[*Cambridge life is the butt of these satires, which are bright, and smart, and lively. It was worth while reprinting them from the Granta.*]
Ellis, E. J.—Fate in Arcadia, and other Poems, 7/6..Ward & Downey
Ferguson, G.—Our Earth—Night to Twilight, vol. 1, 3/- .....Unwin
[*This seems to be a history of the world or of human nature from Chaos B.C. The present volume brings us up to the decay of the Roman Empire. Five more Cantos will follow in November. The writer is very much in earnest, and he writes verse with appalling fluency. But he must have a disproportionate idea of a modern reader's leisure.*]
Larminie, W.—Fand, and other Poems .....Hodges, Figgis & Co.
[*These poems have for the most part Celtic subjects. The legend of Fand is a beautiful and poetic one, and the treatment is not quite unworthy of the subject. Some of the shorter verses show considerable talent and imagination.*]
Leyton, F.—Skeleton Leaves.....Kegan Paul
[*The name does not belie the melancholy of the verse, which has for a sub-title 'Leaves from the Diary of a Suicide.' There is an underlying motive in the poem—to reveal the horrors to which children brought up in workhouses are exposed. It is a depressing volume, but its writer has talent for verse-making.*]
Lowell, J. R.—The Biglow Papers, edited by Ernest Rhys, 1/6 W. Scott
[*A volume of the 'Scott Library,' convenient in size, and, for a cheap edition, attractive in form. The introduction by the editor deals in an interesting fashion with Lowell's connection with the anti-slavery agitation.*]
Macfie, R. C.—Granite Dust, 2/6.....K. Paul
[*See p.* 151.]
Marchbank, A.—Songs of Labour, Home and Country. Tovani, Auchterarder
[*The writer has talent, and though her verse is not very good, it is inspired by realities and strong human sympathy. The humorous verses are the best.*]
Scott-Elliot, W.—The Marriage of the Soul, and other Poems, 5/- K. Paul
Shelley's Poetical Works. Edited by H. Buxton Forman, vol. 2, 2/6 Bell
[*Vol. II. of this excellent edition is of special interest as containing, amongst other poems, 'Laon and Cythna,' the first version of 'The Revolt of Islam.' It is well edited, well printed, and those who want a scholarly edition of Shelley should procure the five volumes as they appear.*]
Songs of Béranger, The. Trans. by William Toynbee, 1/- ..W. Scott
['*Canterbury Poets*' *series. Mr. Toynbee has set himself a very difficult task, where success is almost impossible. But in 'The King of Yvetôt' and in 'My Coat,' he has almost reached it, and there are few travesties in the whole volume, which is highly creditable to the translator's skill and sympathetic understanding.*]
Swanwick, A.—Poets the Interpreters of their Age, 5/- .....Bell

New Editions.

Ashby-Sterry, J.—The Lazy Minstrel, 1/- .....Unwin
[*Popular edition of these clever* vers de société. *Mr. Sterry succeeds where most fail. His frivolity does not strike harsh or coarse notes. It is graceful and cheerful, and good frivolity is much more excellent in verse than maudlin seriousness.*]
Bridges, R.—Achilles in Scyros, 2/6 and 5/- net .....Bell
[*Revised edition. Will be noticed later.*]
Shakespeare, The Works of, edited by W. A. Wright, vol. 7, 10/6 Macmillan
[*The notes in this edition have been thoroughly revised. Both for accuracy, scholarship, and outward form it is the library Shakespeare* par excellence. *Vol. vii. contains Timon of Athens, Julius Cæsar, Macbeth, and Hamlet.*]

FICTION.

A. M.—Felix Holt Secundus, 1/- .....W. Scott
[*The adventures of a social democrat in England, Australia, and Japan, as revealed by his diary and by a friend. There is a good deal of untamed vigour in the sketch, but it is needlessly slangy.*]
Baker, J.—Mark Tillotson, 31/6 .....S. Low
[*See p.* 156.]
Balestier, W.—The Average Woman, etc., 2/6.....Heinemann
Bell, G.—True to the Prince, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century, 6/- Digby & Long
[*A romance of the days of William the Silent. It is well told, and likely to interest young people.*]
Conscience, H.—The Blue House, 1/- .....Hodges
[*This is not one of the best of Conscience's tales, but such as it is it might have been made more readable by a skilful translation. A fond mother addresses her dutiful son as "Hardhead," for instance.*]
Dugdale, Mrs. Z.—Alone, and not Alone, 1/6 .....N. T. P. D.
[*A story of a boy's struggles from destitution up to partnership in a prosperous business and a bride.*]
Ebers, G.—Per Aspera, from the German of C. Bell, 2 vols., 21/- S. Low
Grossmith, G. & W.—Diary of a Nobody, 3/6 .....Arrowsmith
[*See p.* 156.]
Harford, H.—Fan, the Story of a Young Girl's Life, 3 vols., 31/6 Chapman & Hall
Hewitt, E. M.—The Effacement of Oriel Penhaligon, 1/- .....S. Low
[*A mysterious story of witchcraft, or something like it, in modern life. There is an air of unreality about both the evil passions and the virtues of the characters, that makes the book a weariness to read.*]
Hope, M.—The Prodigal Daughter, 2/-.....Routledge
Horne-Gall, W. B.—Where Honour Sits, 6/-.....Digby & Long
Hume, F.—Whom God hath Joined, 2/6 .....White
Hume, Fergus.—The Island of Fantasy, 3 vols., 31/6 Griffith & Farran
Humphrey, F. P.—A New England Cactus, 2/- .....Unwin
[*See p.* 156.]
Ingelheim, by the author of Miss Molly, 31/6 .....Blackwood
[*See p.* 156.]
K. E. V.—Life Threads, a Story, 2/6.....Digby & Long
[*An aimless story. It tells of the uninteresting fortunes and misfortunes of uninteresting people. A mystery is manufactured for the purpose of unravelling it in a cumbersome fashion.*]
Kipling, R., and Balestier, W.—The Naulahka, a Story of West and East, 6/- .....Heinemann
[*See p.* 152.]
Krikorian, J.—A Daughter of Mystery ..... Griffith & Farran
[*Fortune-telling and gipsy lore play a great part in this story, which is much above the average in interest and ability.*]
Lehmann, R.—The Billsbury Election and Papers from Punch, 5/- Henry
[*See p.* 155.]
Lucas, T. L.—Katie's Coronet, 3/6 .....Remington
Lynch, L. L.—A Slender Cue, or the Mystery of Mardigraz, 2/- Ward & Lock
Mignon, Stray Straws, Sketches and Stories, 2/6 .....Thacker
Murray, D.—A Precious Jewel, 3/6 ..... Digby & Long
Payn, J.—A Modern Dick Whittington, or a Patron of Letters, 2 vols., 21/- .....Smith & Elder
Parr, Mrs.—The Squire, 3 vols., 31/6 .....Cassell
[*See p.* 156.]
Rhodes, E. E.—Five Brave Hearts, 2/6 .....Wes. Conf. Office
Scott, D. W.—Hades and Beyond..... J. F. Clarke
[*This is a praiseworthy but eccentric attempt to ease the minds of those who are exercised on the question of the after life. The fiction is of the thinnest, and plainly meant to make the theory palatable. The hero examines the doctrines of future punishment in the Westminster Confession, finds them incredible, formulates other doctrines for himself, and has the satisfaction of receiving letters and testimonials from a wide circle of friends and acquaintances for the peace he has restored to them.*]
Skottowe, Col. C. F. J.—The Haunted House of Chilka, 3/6 Digby & Long
[*A little too long-winded to be weird, and as you know all along it is a dream, it lacks one of the chief fascinations of ghost stories. Still it is not wanting in fancy and picturesqueness.*]
Stevenson, R. L., and Osbourne, L.—The Wrecker, 6/- .....Cassell
[*See p.* 149.]
Stratenius, L.—Suspected, 3/6.....Chapman & Hall
[*A story of Dutch life, crude in workmanship, but fairly readable. The hero, who is suspected of complicity in a murder, is a model of self-sacrifice, and his fortunes will be followed with some interest till at last he gets his due reward.*]
Tottenham, B.L.—More Kin than Kind, 3 vols., 31/6 Hurst & Blackett
Tweeddale, J.—Sir Vinegar's Venture, 3/6.....Digby & Long
[*A tale of love and grouse-shooting. A death-bed repentance reveals a thin plot of a stereotyped kind; otherwise there is little incident. But it may be found readable after a day on the moors.*]
Walmsley, H. M.—Branksome Dene, 2/- ..... Hutchinson
Winter, J. S.—My Geoff, or the Experiences of a Lady Help, 2/6 F. V. White
Zangwill, I.—The Old Maid's Club, 3/6 .....Heinemann
[*Farcical, cynical, at times really amusing, at others only disagreeable. The verses interspersed are clever, and are the best things in the book.*]

New Editions.

Black, W.—Three Feathers, 2/6.....S. Low
[*Convenient edition of a very good story.*]
Boldrewood, R.—Nevermore, 3/6.....Macmillan
[*Popular edition in Macmillan's excellent 3/6 series. It is a very good story of mining life in Australia.*]
Crawford, F. M.—The Witch of Prague, 6/- .....Macmillan
[*New edition in one volume. The story is a weird and romantic one, and already deservedly popular.*]
Dickens, C.—Barnaby Rudge, 2/6 .....Chapman & Hall
Dickens, C.—Martin Chuzzlewit, Introduction by C. Dickens, 3/6 Macmillan
Dickens, C.—Oliver Twist, 2/6..... Chapman & Hall
Dickens, M. A.—Cross Currents, 3/6..... Chapman & Hall
Doyle, Conan.—The Firm of Girdlestone, a Romance of the Unromantic, 3/6.....Chatto & Windus
Giberne, A.—Tim Teddington's Shoes, 3d.....'Home Words' Office
[*A sequel to a tale called 'Tim's First Dream.' It is brightly told, and has an excellent moral lesson on the evil of discontent.*]
Giberne, A.—Tim Teddington's Dream, 2d....'Home Words' Office
[*A still further sequel. This little tale, addressed to grown people, is less satisfactory. It smacks of an inferior political tract.*]
Gilbert, W. S.—Foggerty's Fairy, and other Tales, 2/- .... Routledge
Hatton, J.—A Modern Ulysses, 2/-..... Hutchinson
King, R. A.—Love's Legacy, 2/- ..... Ward & Downey
McDonald, G.—What's Mine's Mine, 3/6..... Kegan Paul
Nisbet, H.—Eight Bells, 2/- .....White
Nisbet, H.—The Savage Queen, 2/- .....White
Phelps, E. S., and Ward, H. D.—The Master of the Magicians, 3/6 Heinemann
[*New edition of a clever novel. The collaboration has been most successful.*]

Ryce, J.—The Rector of Amesty, 6/- .....Sampson Low
Tellet, R.—A Draught of Lethe, 2/- ..... Smith & Elder
Wotton, M. E.—A Girl Diplomatist, 3/6 .....Chapman & Hall

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

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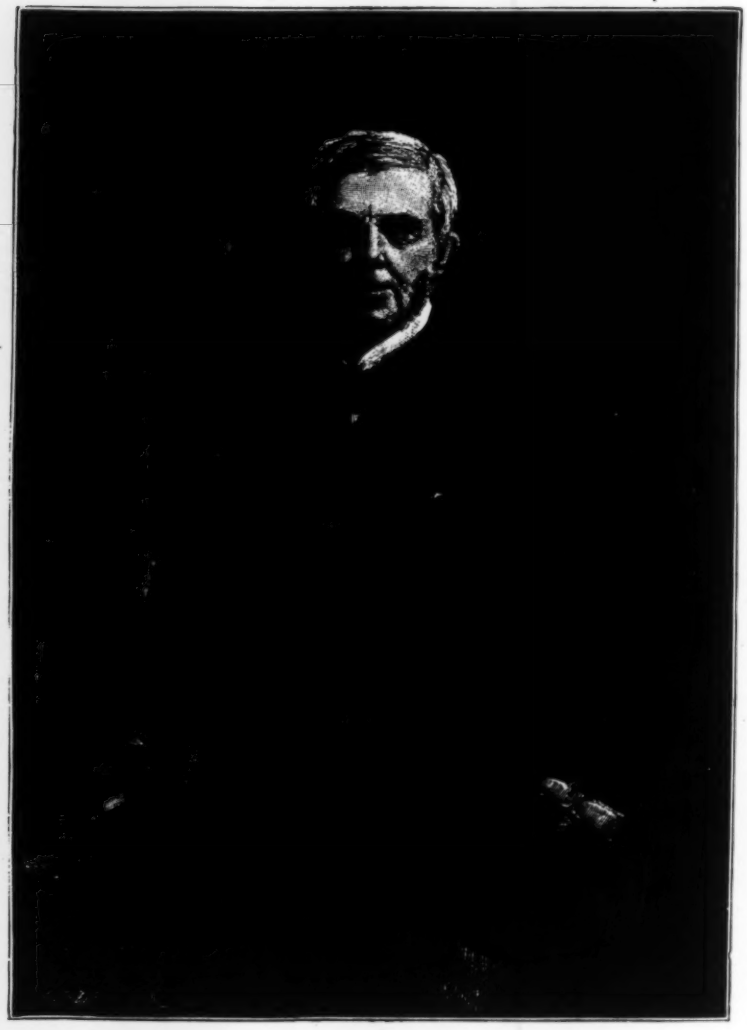

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